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Chapter One - A Strange Sight

I looked around to see another mirage on the street ahead of me. It wasn't even that hot outside but they seemed to be appearing everywhere I looked.

"Hello? Earth to (Y/N)!"

I turned to see my friend Evan waving in my face.

"Yeah sorry. I was just looking at something." I said as I walked away with him into the small diner behind us. We quickly found a small booth and slide in waiting to order.

It was the end of the semester and I was in my last few weeks of high school. Now that all our finals were finished, I could finally relax and enjoy spending time outside again.

I looked up to the brown haired nerd in front of me. Evan had been my best friend for as long as I could remember. I couldn't remember a single moment when we weren't together.

"Down to the last 2 weeks of school. Finally." He said pushing his glasses up. I smiled responding with a semi-enthusiastic answer. As we talked, I noticed the door of the diner open letting in two strangers. One of them was wearing a red plaid t-shirt with jeans while the other wore sunglasses and a black T-Shirt with a word I couldn't exactly make out.

"And so we have to get together again. It's been so long since we talked too... hey (Y/N) are you listening?" I snapped out of my thoughts and looked up at Evan who was giving me a questioning look.

"Y... Yeah sorry I'm just kinda tired. I stayed up last night." I responded looking away.

"Dude you need to stop staying up so late. What were you even up to?"

"Uh... I found an old tab open on my phone and just decided to investigate it out." I responded hesitantly.

"oooOo let me guess. Was it one of your fanfics?" Evan said teasingly.

"Shut up. It was just a phase." I said rolling my eyes.

"Whatever," Evan rolled his eyes and stood up. "I'm going to go use the restroom. Be right back." I nodded and watched him as he left.

I leaned my head against my hand and grabbed the menu from the other. As I read through the choices I noticed something strange from the corner of my eye. I slowly turned to see the two strangers from earlier sitting at the bar stool on the opposite end of the diner. But something was off about them.

Rubbing my eyes I looked away noticing the same familiar sight out of the corner of my eyes. I wasn't prepared for what I saw when I looked up.

The two strangers facial features had changed. Both had flags as faces. I blinked shaking my head. I looked away and looked back up still seeing the same thing.

No way. I thought to myself. I immediately found myself staring and looked away just in time to notice Evan making his way back to his seat.

"Hey. What I miss." He asked sitting down.

"Uh... not much... hey um... do you see the two guys at the bar?" I asked awkwardly.

Evan looked over my shoulder and nodded. "Sunglasses and Plaid Shirt? What about them?"

I blinked at him and turned around. The two stranger's faces were still flags. "Do... do you not see... the flags?" I asked anxiously.

"Flags? Um... no. You ok dude? I'm starting to worry about you."

I bite my lip unsure of what to say. Evan was my friend, if there was anyone who I could talk to it was him.

"Ok look... do you remember that really old phase I had where I got into this one countryhuman fandom a couple years ago?"

As I expected, instead of laughing Evan leaned in encouraging me to go on.

"I... I think America and Canada are right behind me." I whispered unsure of how else to say it. I looked up nervous for Evan's response.

Evan just looked over my shoulder and back at me. He did this a couple of times until finally shaking his head, "(Y/N) look, you know I trust you but this is kinda... out there. Are you sure you're feeling okay? The guys behind you are just two normal people."

I looked up at Evan's concerned eyes. Maybe I was just imagining things. "Yeah I don't know. I'm probably hallucinating or something."

We both fell silent as a waiter came up to us. We quickly ordered our meals and waited in silence as it arrived. The rest of the night went by quite smoothly. I was able to ignore the two "countries" behind me and enjoyed just talking to Evan.

After we finished Evan asked if I wanted him to drive me home. I declined wanting to walk home and get some fresh air.

We said our goodbyes and I watched Evan leave the diner. I looked out the window and watched him drive away until standing up to leave myself.

As I walked out I looked around at the night sky. The air was definitely refreshing. I started to walk away when I heard the door of the diner open. I glanced back to see the two countries walk out.

As much as I wanted to leave, curiosity got the better of me and I slowly walked closer hiding behind the side of the diner and eavesdropping on their conversation.

"-fifth rift in this town. Ame, I'm positive there's something going on in this town."

"Come on Canada, you said that while we were in Iowa last week too. Let's just hurry up and head home. You know how Britain feels about us being in the human world for longer than our patrol."

After those words I had stopped listening. All I could hear was my heart beating furiously in my chest. Was I really going crazy? There was no way country humans were real. I snapped back into reality hearing footsteps walking away.

I looked around the corner to see America and Canada walk away from the diner and head towards the woods.

Every inch of my body screamed for me to ignore everything and head home yet still, ignoring the yelling angel on my shoulder, I got up and followed the two countries into the forest.

• ~ ~ ~ •

(A/N) Yikes my first fanfic. Honestly I have no idea how this is gonna turn out. Just wanted to say thanks for reading till the end! I know not much interesting stuff happened in this chapter but I can't write super "upbeat"(is that the word?) scenes right of the bat. But yeah. Thanks for sticking around! <3

Ack totally forgot to mention that I got inspiration from [SoyaBeanie](#) ! You should go check them out!

~ Dorito

Chapter 2 - New Worlds

The forest was dark, which was to be expected, yet the countries seemed to be aware of just where they were headed. Meanwhile, I lagged behind as I followed them through the trees carefully watching my step. The ground was covered in leaves and one misstep could give me away.

Finally the two countries came to a stop as they entered a small clearing in the trees. I hide behind a tree observing their every move. However, all they did was stand still and wait as if expecting something to happen.

America looked down at the watch on his arm and looked back up. As if on cue, something in the surroundings started changing. I narrowed my eyes to just make out a mirage suddenly appearing in front of the countries.

I couldn't believe my eyes as I watched America usher Canada through the mirage. I watched as the canadian walked into the mirage and disappeared. America quickly followed behind.

After I was sure they had disappeared, I ran over to what I assumed was a portal of some kind and looked at the blurry outlines of the trees behind it. Slowly, I reached my hand out and watched it disappear into the portal.

Pulling my hand out, I leaned in to see if there was anything on the other side. As if my luck queued in at that second, I tripped falling head first into the portal my scream muffling as I left my world behind.

* ~ ~ ~ *

I screamed as I felt myself fall through the air. Suddenly, my face came into contact with something solid which I soon discovered to be a hard tile floor. Groaning I slowly pushed myself up rubbing my face. I lifted my eyes to look around and immediately froze.

In front of me, a group of country's gazes fell on me looking just as bewildered as I felt. I stared at the faces, or more so flags, recognizing America, Canada, Australia, Britain, Germany and a few others I couldn't make out.

My eyesight was starting to blur as a splitting headache overtook my mind. I groaned feeling the world go dizzy as I fell back onto the ground. I could hear panicked voices calling out all around me and saw the face of a familiar canadian leaning down as I closed my eyes allowing myself to fall into the dark abyss of silence.

* ~ ~ ~ *

"The rift won't open!"

"This is all because you screwed up once again letting another human fall into our world!"

"I screwed up?! How was I supposed to know there was someone falling us?"

"Well after last time I would have expected you to be, I don't know, a little bit more responsible for pete's sake!"

I slowly opened my eyes trying to drown out the yelling voices. The remantents of my headache still lingering. Lifting myself up I looked around, realizing that I was in some sort of cell. I sat up on the bed yawning slightly. I felt exhausted.

More yelling continued to echo through the hallways as I slowly got up steadying myself on the bed frame. Slowly, I walked forward to the bars locking me in. I grabbed them leaning my head to check out the rest of the place.

In front of me lay a plain brick wall. On either side was a couple of cells. On the right end of the hallway, a single door which I assumed was the way out of the cell block. I turned to the left noticing the lights on that end of the hallway were flickering while some were just turned off.

I narrowed my eyes looking further into the darkness. I could almost make out a shape. Gathering all the courage I had, I spoke,

"I... I know you're there." Man my voice sounded like a 9 year old's.

As if to confirm my suspicions, a heard a small "hmp" from the hallway and watch as a figure slowly moved into the light.

"So you're awake. как мило. I thought I would have to stand here for hours."

Was that russian?

"Uh... yeah I-"

"Заткнись" I immediately closed my mouth at the gruff voice. I hadn't even made complete sense of where I was and had somehow managed to make an enemy. Good Job (Y/N).

I scooted back as the figure walked towards my cell. Their head was down and they wore some kind of hat. As they walked closer I slowly started to notice myself backing into the wall. The figure was now right in front of my cell. His hat covered his eyes but I could feel a stare radiating towards me.

I studied the guy trying not to make eye contact and provoke him anymore. The first thing I noticed was his height. He was a GIANT. And even that seemed like an understatement. I don't believe I had ever encountered someone so tall.

"So tell me, human," I shuddered, "what exactly is your intention." Hesitantly, I answered, "I didn't... mean to come here in the first place."

"Answer the question." The figure boomed. At this point, I was pressing myself against the wall trying to keep myself from speaking.

"I... don't have any intentions to do anything. I... I swear," I added, hoping that my answer was good enough.

Just as the figure opened his mouth to reply, the door to the block opened and a figure poked their head inside.

"H... Hey Russia, Britain's calling for you." Called a quiet voice.

The figure gave me a glance and slowly walked away towards the open door. I relaxed at the sound of the door slamming shut announcing his departure.

Sighing I slid down putting my head in my lap.

"Um... excuse me..." I looked up at the timid voice too see a small figure standing at the front of my cell.

"Uh... hi." I greeted awkwardly. I was honestly quite happy to be talking to someone who wasn't Russia. The new figure in front of me had a red and white flag for a face. The top being a strip of white and the bottom, red. I instantly regretted not paying attention in world history.

"Sorry... I don't exactly know..." I started awkwardly.

"Ah! No it's alright! I'm Poland! I'm sorry about Russia. I know he seems pretty callous but he's a really nice guy when you get to know him!" Poland said giving a shy smile.

"Oh..." I said lost for words. I looked up at Poland reality finally sinking in as I regained my thoughts. Suddenly, I shot up and looked around frantically.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute. Where am I? Are you a countryhuman? Am I dreaming?" I slapped myself confirmed that I was definitely now dreaming. My breath quicken.

"C... Calm down! It's alright! You're safe here! I know this is a bit much to take in but just take a deep breathe." I looked over at Poland and did as he instructed.

"Let's just go slow ok?" Poland said staring calmly into my wide eyes. "What's your name?"

"I...it's (Y/N)." I said softly.

"Ok (Y/N). Look we aren't exactly sure what's going on either but it would do us a great favor if you could calm down and work with us to figure out what's happening? Okay? How does that sound?"

Slowly I nodded, a million questions still spinning in my head.

"I'm sorry that we had to lock you up, it's just extra precautions. I'm actually here to take you out and to meet everyone now that you're awake!"

Once again I only nodded.

I watched as Poland moved over to the door starting to unlock it. He looked up at me and gave a small smile. Relaxing I returned a semi-anxious grin.

The door swung open and Poland held out a hand welcoming me outside. Slowly, I walked over and took a step out, still stumbling on my feet.

Poland quickly helped me steady myself and I smiled, glad to have someone I could kinda trust.

We walked over to the door and Poland stopped.

"Um... this might be a bit overwhelming but just stay calm okay? Everyone's just as surprised as you. It's new for all of us." Poland said trailing off.

Nervously I gave him a thumbs up. I knew that if I opened my mouth I would never stop talking. In return, Poland gave a quick nod and opened the door.

Behind it was a huge group of countries arguing back and forth. However, as soon as Poland walked in everyone went dead silent. Poland turned around ushering me to come out.

Hands in my pocket, I slowly stepped out to be met by a million glances. And not all of them looked as thrilled to see me as I would have hoped.

• ~ ~ ~ •

(A/N)

Thanks so much for reading Chapter 2 guys! Hope you enjoyed! I

know things are a bit slow but it's gonna start getting interesting in a bit. Also I don't think I mentioned in the last chapter but my vision for (Y/N) is a bit different. I was going towards a more male character cause it would be pretty interesting and fun to write about. But if you wanna imagine them as a girl go ahead! Anyway that's all I gotta say! Thanks so much for reading!!!

~ Dorito

Chapter 3 - A Warm Welcome

"So they're awake huh?" A voice called. I turned to the side to see a country in a suit glaring daggers in my direction. He wore a top hat and a golden monocle. I didn't need to see his flag to identify him as none other than Britain.

"Um... hello." I said softly holding up my hand and giving a little wave.

"Hello he says." Britain said shaking his head. He crossed his arms in frustration.

"Britain please, look at him. He's just a kid." The country next to him put a hand on Brit's shoulder.

"No France, that's what you said last time. Just a kid eh? Well that kid almost destroyed half of Europe and brought back that damned communist!" Britain hollered.

Almost immediately, the room interrupted in voices. I watched terrified as Russia stuck a finger in Britain's direction no doubt threatening him. I turned to Poland and got a pitiful glance.

"Well what if he's different than them huh?" Someone said from the crowd.

"And what if they're not?" Another country called out. I looked around to see America and Canada standing in the corner barely speaking with their heads down. Britain and Russia had gotten into a verbal fight across the room and were spitting insults at each other and an occasional one at me.

The tension in the room was getting on my nerves. I felt the world slow down. The beat of my heart and rhythm of my breathing began to block out the noise. I counted to 10 closing my eyes.

"Everyone SHUT UP!" I suddenly screamed. The room went quiet. I now had the stage.

"First of all I would like to thank EVERYONE for the very warm welcome. Except you Poland, you're a nice guy," I added before continuing, "I don't know if you guys know this or not but I would VERY MUCH like to go home. I really don't know how I ended up here. Or why I was able to see America and Canada while no one could. You guys were just stories I read about when I was like 12. So I'm a little lost about what the heck is going on. Oh yeah, one more thing, if you're gonna talk shit about me, please do it when I'm not in the room? Thanks. I'll be leaving now."

With that, I turned and stormed out the door on the other side of the room. I was glad that the countries in front of me moved out of the way and didn't attempt to stop me. I stepped out the door to be greeted by the sun.

Suddenly I stopped realizing I had no idea where I was. I looked around to notice a mostly urban street with towering buildings scattered around. Surprisingly, the street was quiet with not a single car passing by. I looked up at the building and suddenly noticed something off about the sky.

There were two suns. Two suns? That was strange. The weather here was surprisingly cool for a clear sky.

Sighing I sat down on the staircase leading out from the building. I didn't know what to do. It was obvious that the best thing to do was go back inside and apologize for my outburst.

I put my head in my hands looking around. Behind me, I heard the door open, leaking the continuous arguments that were still going on inside. I felt a figure walk up and sit down next to me.

"You okay kid?" A voice asked. I turned my head to the side to come face to face with a pair of sunglasses.

"Yeah I'm fine. America right?" I asked.

The country smirked, "and you are?"

"(Y/N)" I said.

"Pleased to meet you (Y/N)" he said sticking out a hand.

I smiled shaking his hand. I took a minute to look at him. The fics even got America right. The shades, the Nato shirt, his gleaming smile. And he definitely seemed more gregarious than the other countries. I wondered if somehow the stories affected the way the countries here portrayed themselves.

"What are you thinking about?" America asked pulling me out of my thoughts.

"Oh... nothing." I said looking away.

"You know, you handled my dad pretty well back there. You're a rebel like me. I like that." America said grinning. I laughed.

"Well I learned from the best." I said winking at him. America chuckled his face a little red from the compliment.

"So... countryhumans actually exist huh." I said looking at the building in the distance.

America gave me a confused look. "What do you mean 'actually exist'?"

I turned back to him a little surprised. "You don't know about the countryhuman fandom?"

"We have a fandom?" He squeaked looking slightly nervous.

"Yeah you guys do! You're a pretty popular character. You and Russia that is." I leaned in and added whispering. "Mostly together if you know what I mean."

America jumped up horrified. "Me and R.. Russia?! Who thought up something so disgusting?" I laughed realizing that America and Russia might not be friends in reality. I laughed harder seeing his slightly redder face.

"Well I'm not lying. I'm surprised none of you know about this. It's

pretty popular." I said standing up with him.

America opened his mouth to respond when the door behind us opened. We turned around to see Canada poke his head out.

"Hey guys. You should probably come back inside. Germany has some news..." he said trailing off.

Me and America exchanged looks and hesitantly followed the canadian back inside.

Inside the building, the situation had calmed down. All the countries attention was turned towards a familiar country who was speaking to them frantically.

He adjusted his glasses seeing me and America approach.

"Germany what's going on." America asked.

"Ahem well... I have both good news and bad news. The good news is that all the rifts on the radar have been mysteriously cleared. They're all gone." Germany said adjusting his tie.

"That's great news! Why is everyone looking so down?" America said looking around at everyone's now anxious faces.

"Well... the bad news is that... none of them are opening either. So that means our human friend is stuck in this world along with all of us." Germany finished glancing in my direction.

Wait... I'm stuck here?

•~::~~•

Hey guys! Once again thanks for reading! I can't believe I have 13 views already! That makes me so gosh darn happy! Like I'll check this story after a long day and see like 1 more view and Idk it just makes me so happy. Anyway See you in the next chapter!

~ Dorito

Chapter 4 - Another One

I took a moment to comprehend the country's words. I was stuck here? I couldn't be stuck here. This was more surreal than a dream and I was stuck here?

America broke the silence. "How long until we can get the rifts open again?"

Germany shrugged, "It'll take a while, a couple of weeks at most. I'm not exactly sure what the problem is but I believe our friend might have caused a tear in the rifts fabric causing all the entrances to shut down do to the foreign object crossing it's path." The room was silent.

"Mind saying that in English mate?" A country spoke from the back.

"The human might have caused the rifts to close." Germany said rolling his eyes.

"Wait! But I... I have to get home!" I blurted out.

"And why is that?" America asked looking at me.

"Cause... I have homework..." I said awkwardly trailing off. It was the end of my senior year and I had to keep my grades up if I was ever gonna get to the college of my dreams.

A couple countries chuckled at my statement.

"I think you have some bigger issues at hand at the moment kid." America said laughing. I rolled my eyes.

"So what do we do with the kid? We can't just let him roam around free to do whatever they please!" Britain said crossing his arms once again.

Man what was with that guy? Why did he hate humans so much? He literally ran a country filled with them. Or maybe it was the fact the I, a human, was here in this world. His world.

I suddenly felt like an intruder trespassing in a world that I had no right to be in. I looked around at all the countries discussing what to do with me. I know I probably should have paid more attention to what they were saying but I had more important things on my mind.

"They can stay with me." I snapped out of my thoughts looking at America. The room instantly went silent at his suggestion. "I mean, like you guys said, it was my fault they came here in the first place," he continued, a hint of annoyance in his voice, "it's only natural I take responsibility over them."

Some of the other countries muttered in agreement. No one seemed to have any objections.

Soon enough it was decided that I would be staying with America until they could find a proper place for me to stay. I was quite glad that it was him. He seemed to be the friendliest of the countries there and was someone who was pretty easy to talk to.

"Hey kid, you ready to go?" America called heading to the door. I rolled my eyes at the nickname.

"Don't call me that. My names (Y/N)." I grumbled.

"Yeah I know, you just look kinda young that's all." He said as we walked out. America lead me down the row of cars finally stopping in front of a Porsche 911 Carrera.

"Whoa! This is your car?" I asked a little surprised. I mean he was the literal America. I wouldn't have expected anything less. He gave me a wink as we got in and drove off.

* ~ ~ ~ *

The drive to his house wasn't far however it felt like we drove past hundreds of terrains and places. The scenery was always changing whether it be the slightest change in the color of the trees of the

clear difference in the weather and color of the sky. It seemed as if each place was designed to replicate a place on Earth.

As we started slowing down I noticed that the sky was a dark blue with stars illuminating from every direction. I looked over at America to see him enjoying the view as well. He glanced over at me and smiled.

"We're here." He said pulling up in front of a house. I looked up to see a majestic white house that was too big for one person, yet not big enough to be called a mansion.

"Wow you live here?" I asked surprised. America nodded leading the way into the house. Similar to the outside, the inside of his home was just as spectacular with a beautiful crystal chandelier at the entrance and a spiral staircase leading to the top.

"Ame is that you?" A voice called from one of the rooms.

"Yeah it is. Hey we've got a visitor. Also Nada's coming home late." He yelled back. I watched as a figure emerged from the top and leaned over the railing.

"Wait is that a human?" The country asked.

"Yeah. (Y/N) this is New Zealand. He lives here with me and Canada."

The country waved down at us before turning and looking at America. "Hey Ame can I talk to you for a second?"

America nodded, "Yeah in a bit. Lemme show (Y/N) they're room first. I'll be up in a second."

"Come on, lets go," He said waving me over. I followed him through the house still gazing around.

"Uh... random question, do your states live in this world?" I asked suddenly.

"Yeah they do. Most of them live closer to the city area. A lot of the countries states live here too. Not just mine. Why do you ask?" He

turned to face me.

"No reason. I was just wondering if they were like kids or something."

"Kids? What makes you say that?"

"Fanfics..." I said shyly, "you're a really great person by the way." I said randomly.

America grinned his face a little red. I couldn't tell if it was just his stripes or him blushing. I hoped it was just the stripes.

We walked to a room on the left side of the house. America opened the door to reveal a small blue room with a neatly made bed. "This will be your place while you stay. Bathrooms to your right. Feel free to raid the kitchen if your hungry. Now if you don't mind me, I'm gonna go let my brother know you're here." America quickly said goodbye and raced away.

I looked around and flopped onto the bed. It was quite soft unlike the one I had back home. Instead of staying there, I decided to explore the house. I slowly walked out closing the door and began wandering the halls. I was able to find the kitchen which was quite big. My stomach grumbled and I walked over to the cabinets pulling them open.

The shelves were stacked with food and treats of all kinds. However, I settled on a simple granola bar feeling slightly strange about taking a stranger's food.

I stuffed it in my pocket for when I got back to the room and continued looking around. In the living room was an electric fireplace with a bunch of pictures on it's mantle. I walked over and looked at the photographs of America with his family and friends. One of them however stood out to me.

There was a small photo hidden behind the bigger ones. I pulled it out to see America and a blonde haired girl holding hands and smiling at each other. Another person? I thought to myself.

"Yo (Y/N) what are you up too?" I heard a voice behind me. I

whipped around to see America standing there in a different t-shirt and some shorts.

"Uh... nothing! I was just looking at some pictures." I said awkwardly, America walked up to me eyeing the picture in my hand.

"W... Where did you get that?" He asked slightly shocked. I handed the photo to him.

"It was just sitting here in the back." I said quickly, He didn't respond but stared at the picture sadly.

"Uh... America... if you don't mind me asking... was there another human here before me?"

America looked up at me with sorrow filled eyes.

"Yeah.... But um... she wasn't exactly... the best person..." He said awkwardly.

I knew I was gonna regret the next words that came out of my mouth.

"Do you mind telling me what happened?"

Surprisingly, he didn't object. Sighing, he pointed me down to the couch. Sitting down himself we looked at me with dark eyes, all joy and happiness gone from his body.

"I guess you were gonna find out sooner or later. Might as well hear it from me. Like I said, you aren't the first human to venture to our world. A couple of decades ago there was a girl... "

• ~ ~ ~ •

Another one....

bitEs tHe dUst

Not Sorry *dab*

Woowee one more! I feel like I'm updating way too often and now that's gonna be like a tingle at the back of head reminding me of this once my school starts. Well I mean it's whatever. I'll work with it.

Thanks for reading guys! Have a lovely day/night/3am!

Chapter 5 - Carileth

"Her name was Carileth. Just like you she had the strange ability to see us in our true forms."

America's POV

I was walking back to a rift in a back alley after finishing some work on Earth. When I made it back into this world, I was surprised to see that someone had trailed me.

Carileth had dirty blonde hair with beautiful blue eyes and a gorgeous smile. She was around 17 at the time. We were all surprised when her eyes lit up at the sight of us. She wasn't scared or concerned about where she was at all. Just enthusiastic about being able to meet us all.

We didn't think much of her at the time. All we knew was that for some reason she could see us and that we couldn't allow her to stay in our world do to personal reasons and other precautions.

So while we figured out how to get her back onto Earth she took turns staying with each country as she seemed to want to meet each and everyone. Carileth was... sweet to say the least. I had never seen all the countries so happy as when they spent time with her.

Many of them eventually started to fall in love with her.

I couldn't quite understand what all the fuss was about as she seemed like any other human on Earth. That was, until it was my turn to allow her to stay as a guest in my house.

I should never have let her in.

I'm embarrassed to say but, eventually I too fell for her. She was so kind and understanding. I was going through some... hard times back then. She made me feel loved and respected. She would often sit next to me listening to what I had to say. No matter how much I

ranted, she would listen, and she would help.

And then came the day when Carileth had to go back. It broke our hearts having to say goodbye to her. We were even more surprised when she started crying at the rift back home. She told us that she didn't want to go back. Told us that she had never felt so befriended in her life.

Of course, none of us had the heart to tell her to leave. So we agreed to let her stay a couple more days.

Days turned into weeks.

Weeks turned into months.

I was surprised the day Carileth asked me if I wanted to get together. I had never felt such joy. From that day forward, we were inseparable. The other countries were obviously jealous of our relationship but they liked seeing her happy.

And so it went on for a year, and then on her birthday, things started to change. She seemed lost in thought. I feared that she had spent too much time in our world and might have to return to Earth.

Little did I know something else was cooking under the surface. It turned out she had a few different motives...

Carileth started hanging out with other countries more often. Especially Russia. She seemed quite interested in him. But it was strange.

I assumed I was just being clingy.
And so I didn't notice until it was too late.

Carileth turned out to be the thing we had feared when we first let her into our lives. A big lie. She wasn't sweet, kind or understanding. She just a big lie. Everything about her was fake. She was manipulative and cunning. She misused our trust to get exactly what she wanted.

It was midnight on a late September night. Britain was walking

home from the park after a nightly stroll not noticing that he was being followed. He was just turning onto a dimly lit street when he was attacked from behind. He barely survived being able to escape the crook covered in cuts, bruises and scrapes.

Switzerland had luckily been out on a late night business trip and happen to run into Britain on his way home. Fortunately, Britain was fine... physically speaking.

Mentally he was scarred. When he told us what had happened, we could hardly believe our ears.

His attacker was none other than USSR.

We couldn't believe our ears. USSR had passed away a while ago and we thought he might have just been seeing things.

However, just as a precaution, we called Russia to ask how things were going. But we didn't get a response. No one could contact him at all. Belarus and Ukraine even went to his house to look for him, but they couldn't find him. Russia was missing.

Meanwhile, Carileth acted sympathetic. She left to stay with Britain and made sure he was happy and safe. It was all part of her plan. A couple nights later, Britain was attacked again. This time in his own home.

I'll... skip the details but we were all glad when we found out he would make it. At the time, France had been staying over with Britain and Carileth and had gotten an eyeful of the intruder whilst he escaped.

She had confirmed later that USSR was back.

As if to add onto our problems, Carileth had disappeared on that very night. There was no trace of her. We were all worried but things only got worse.

It wasn't long until more countries were being threatened. Many of them started receiving terrifying letters telling them to watch their backs.

Myself included. However, I didn't tell them at the time but I had started feeling strangely insecure as if I was being watched constantly. To add to it, I never got a letter quite similar to the others. Every now and then I would get blank papers with nothing written on them.

I was terrified. And then one night....

I was up in my room listening to some music while lying in bed. The first thing I heard other than my music was the sound of a window breaking. I quickly jumped turning down the volume.

It was dead quiet and then suddenly out of nowhere... I started hearing footsteps. I watched frozen as the steps got closer and closer to my room. And then when they were right outside... they stopped.

I waited, sweat dripping down my face. The doorknob started to turn. The door slowly swung open to reveal a tall figure standing in the doorway. The look on Soviet's face was terrifying. He looked like a mad man. He wore a creepy grin as wide as his face. His bloodshot eyes were wide open staring right at me.

Slowly, he started walking towards me. I wanted to move so badly. But I was glued to my spot. Just as he was five feet away from me, running footsteps sounded through my house.

We all knew that Soviet would sooner or later attack another country. To defend against this, we all secretly started to live together in groups. Canada and Aussie had rushed in to my rescue just as Soviet had opened the door. They had Soviet down on the ground knocked out before he could even react.

And that's how we found out about Carileth's plan. We eventually traced USSR back to a secret lab underneath the forest in Russia's part of the world. There, we captured Carileth who had been secretly working for a while to bring Soviet back to life. Turned out, she was a psychopath bent on world domination.

She had started developing a plan the day she walked through that rift. All this time, her kindness was nothing but a rouse to get us to spill our secrets and earn our trust. She had somehow found the lab

with her times with Russia and with it, found a way to bring back the fallen country.

She had wanted to use Soviet to kill the other countries and "claim" their lands believing he was the strongest country for the job. She believed that killing us would help her gain what she wanted. However, she didn't have all her facts straight and so we were able to capture her. We eventually sent her back to Earth and imprisoned her.

When Carileth got back, she completely lost it. She went around screaming to other inmates about these "country people" who were "physical reincarnations" of the land. Lucky for us, no one believed her and she was just deemed as the normal crazy lady who eventually disappeared. We never heard from her again.

~ ~ ~

I sat on the edge of my seat listening as America finished his sentence. I had a million questions in my mind. How did Soviet get back? What happened to Britain that night? What would have happened in Carileth got her way?

I took a deep breath looking at Ame. He was no longer paying attention to me and seemed lost in his own thoughts.

"H... Hey... When did you guys find Russia?" I asked softly.

America didn't answer. After a moment of silence he spoke barely audible. "Um. We found him in the lab. He was badly beaten up and it was obvious he had been there a while."

I didn't say anything. I didn't know what to say. Slowly America stood up adjusting his glasses.

"Well uh... I think that's enough for one day," he paused looking at the picture in his hand, "I think you should head to bed for the night."

I nodded slowly standing up myself, "Goodnight America." I said turning away.

"Goodnight." Came a dull response.

I turned to see America stalking away. I bit my lip and suddenly reached out for him.

"America wait!"

He turned around.

"Um... thank you. For telling me all this. I know it's not easy especially for you to allow me to stay here." I gave him a small smile. "I promise I'm not like her."

America gave a small smile. "Don't believe you are either kid." With that, he smiled and started to leave. I turned back to walk to my room. Before I left, I looked over my shoulder one last time to see America standing looking over the picture in his hands.

His hand went up to his face and wiped a tear off of his cheek. With a chuckle, he let go off the photograph not bothering to watch as it fell straight into the trash.

• ~ ~ ~ •

Yall ohmygosh thank you SO MUCH for 140 views!!! I can't believe how many people are looking into this story! It makes me so happy every time I see that someone was here reading something I wrote, maybe even leaving a like!

With that out the way, things are finally starting to get interesting! This was kinda a long chapter too huh? Also if you've read this far, thanks for bearing with me!

I hope you guys have a nice day/night/3am and I'll see you in chapter 6!

~ Dorito

Chapter 6 - Skyline

I woke up and almost panicked at the sight of an unfamiliar bed. I took a minute to look around as the memories of the previous day flooded into me. I rubbed my eyes and yawned as I looked around.

The dresser on my right immediately caught my eye. Slowly, I slipped out of the bed and walked over to a pile of clothes and the note that was kept on the top of the mount.

I picked it up and read it.

"Morning (Y/N),

I got you some fresh clothes since I noticed that you were still in your old clothes when I came in."

I looked down at my attire to notice that I still wore the same outfit that I had on the previous day. Grateful for a change of clothes, I continued reading:

"I would have greeted you personally however me and America had a meeting to attend. I hope you understand. America called up one of his states to spend the day with you so hopefully you won't be alone all day.

We'll see you later tonight!

Signed,

Canada."

I put down the note wondering which one of the states I would be meeting. I took the clothes and headed to the bathroom and changed. When I exited, I had on a simple white hoodie and a pair of ripped jeans. Surprisingly, the clothes fit perfectly and I was just glad it did.

Slowly I exited the room and was immediately blasted by the smell of pancakes. My stomach growled as I made my way to the kitchen where a single state was cooking up the delicious breakfast.

Upon hearing my footsteps, they turned around and smiled.

"Oh hey! Good morning. You must be me (Y/N). I'm Delaware," he said sticking out a hand. I grabbed his hand and shook it nodding a greeting. My eyes flickered to the pancakes.

Delaware noticed this and let out a small laugh.

"You must be hungry huh? Why don't you sit down at the table and I'll get you a plate." He suggested.

"Do you need any help?" I asked politely. Delaware immediately waved me off claiming that I was a guest and that I shouldn't have to help. Reluctantly, I went and sat down as Delaware brought out a plate of pancakes beautifully topped with whipped cream and strawberries.

As I dove in, my eyes widened as my mouth was filled with flavor.

"It's really good!" I said as Delaware plopped into the seat in front of me.

He smiled. "Of course they are. Anything paired with strawberries is delicious!"

I laughed. Quickly, I finished of the stack and rushed the plate to the sink before Delaware could stop me. I really wanted to carry my own weight for my time here. From everything America told me last night, I had decided that I wouldn't be any more of a burden than I already was.

"So..." I started walking back to the table where Delaware was scrolling through his phone. He looked up as I approach and smiled.

"So... what do you wanna do today?" He asked.

"Um... I don't know... I'm still trying to take all this in," I said nervously.

"Well then, why don't I show you around my world? Since you're here, it might be a good idea for you to know your way around. Just incase." Delaware said winking. He stood up and ushered me to follow him.

We exited through the door and walked over to a blue BMW convertible. Delaware got into the driver's seat and ushered me to passenger's seat. I got in and watched as he pulled out a pair of sunglasses and put them on.

I chuckled at the sight causing him to turn towards me.

"What?" Delaware asked.

"Nothing. You just remind me of America that's all."

Delaware laughed. "Like father like son I guess. I mean I can see why he likes it. It's very retro."

I rolled my eyes as Delaware stepped on the gas with a chuckle. Soon we were out and on the road. As we drove Delaware pointed out different sections of the world and how each placed corresponded with a place on Earth or a countries' home. I found it fascinating how perfectly each terrain blended in with the others. The one I found most impressive was how the cold snow of the Arctic blended with the dense jungles of Brazil.

Finally, Delaware announced that he was going to take me the city center which was apparently at the very center of his world. I was unsure how this place operated but nonetheless excited to see the city.

As we came closer to the address, the outline of skyscrapers had started to come into view and I quickly remembered the city as the same one I had first left to go to America's house. However, it was even more breathtaking without the constant "What the heck is going on?" echoing in my mind.

As we entered the city I was surprised to see it buzzing with so much life. Countries and states and provinces walked around talking and minding their own business. It reminded me of the

streets of London.

I found all the sights and smells enchanting. Delaware continued to point out important landmarks such as the city park with was buzzing with life. We even passed a building that Delaware mentioned was the parliament. It was apparently the countries' usually meeting place and by the looks of all the cars parked outside, that's where the meeting was being held.

Soon, both the suns had started to falter and slowly started to sink into the horizon. It was starting to get kinda late and Delaware said that he knew a pizza place where we could stop for dinner before heading back home.

I was honestly quite grateful for Delaware's company. He was a nice guy and interesting to talk to. We talked back and forth the entire time he drove us around. Soon enough we reached the pizza parlor.

Parking the car, we went inside, ordered and waited for our meal to arrive.

Suddenly a thought crept into my mind.

"Hey Delaware?"

"(Y/N) please, call me Del."

"Oh sorry. Del, can I ask you something?"

"Sure! I am your tour guide after all," he responded with a warm smile.

I chuckled nervously choosing my next words very carefully, "Um... So uh... America told me what happened last time there was a... human in this world. And you've just been so kind to me and I just don't understand how or why you're acting this way towards me."

Delaware looked at me confusion clearly expressed in his eyes.

"I mean like, when I first arrived all the countries were so scared. And after what happened with America and... her... don't you hate me?"

Delaware looked at me for a minute before slowly reaching up and taking off his sunglasses. He rubbed his eyes and sighed.

"Look (Y/N). Being the first state, I have met MANY people of all sorts. And if there's anything I've learned is that you should never judge a book by it's cover. Carileth was a bi***, excuse my language, but that doesn't mean you are too. You don't know her and if anything, you've shown yourself to be a completely different person."

Delaware stopped talking as a waitress came over with our pizzas. As she walked away, Del grabbed a slice and slowly started eating it.

"What I'm trying to say is that your actions make you. Her actions made her the monster she was. I don't have a reason to hate you so why should I?"

I smiled and grabbed a slice from the pan.

"Thank you... Delaware."

~~~

As we arrived back at the house we were surprised to see Canada and America waiting at the door.

"Ssup pops?" Delaware said as we walked over.

"Oh Del you're finally back." America turned towards me and smiled, "Heya kiddo."

I rolled me eyes as America and Canada asked us to go inside. Apparently they had some news for me. All of a sudden I was overcome with unease as I sat down on the couch with the others. I looked over at America and suddenly his face had suddenly turned nervous and serious.

"Um... what's going on?" I asked disturbing the silence.

"Well... if you hadn't guessed already... the meeting was for what to do with you now that you're here."

I raised a brow. I had assumed they had been discussing me but at the same time felt a little disappointed that they were deciding my fate without my consent.

"How did it go?" I asked unmistakable uncertainty in my voice.

"Well..." America started glancing at Canada for help.

"Well the main thing we decided to do was make you stay at a different country's house every single day."

I frowned, "wait why?"

"Um... they thought it would be a good idea to avoid precious... mistakes..." Canada said slowly sneaking a glance at America who was sulking in his spot.

I nodded with sudden understanding. "Oh... yeah that makes sense. Wait so who's place am I staying at tonight?"

"Well?..." Delaware asked suddenly, cleared tried from all the hesitation and build up.

America mumble a name making Del gasp in shock.

"What? Who is it?" I asked in anticipation.

America suddenly lifted his face with a terrified look,

"It's Britain."

• ~ ~ ~ •

Oooo boi, I'm scared for what will happen next : )

First of all can I just say thank you so so so SO much for 200 views! And thanks to all the people who have read this far! It honestly means so much to me knowing that you guys find my shiz interesting.

So that's all I have to say for today! Thanks for reading and I hope you have a good day/night/3am!

~ Dorito

# Chapter 7 - Angry British Man?

I stared at America open-mouthed. Britain? It could have been anyone but him??? I stood there unsure of what to say.

"Well... guess I'll have to make the most of it?" I said softly chuckling to myself. Meanwhile, my brain played an infinite loop of the phrase "you're gonna die".

"Yeah, it's not exactly the situation I would have suspected myself. I don't know how they got him to agree to this and why you couldn't have stayed with someone more... 'inviting'," America said shrugging.

"Well (Y/N) could stay with me?" Delaware suddenly spoke up. I was thankful for him. He really was a nice guy.

"Sorry Del, but UN thinks it's a better idea if they stay with us countries." Canada said giving me a pitiful look.

We shared a few more words, nothing much as at that point there wasn't much left to say. America offered to drive me there but before we left, Canada handed me a backpack full of newly bought clothes and other necessities. I was truly thankful.

Exchanging our goodbyes and a hug with Delaware, I waved as we pulled out of the driveway and headed to Britain's place.

America didn't talk much during the trip, but one look at his face and I could tell he was genuinely concerned for me. I noticed him sneak a couple of glances at me as I watched out the car. Our eyes made contact once and I winked at him teasingly causing him to immediately turn away a little red.

I wish I could have read his face but his glasses gave nothing away. Soon we arrived at Britain's house... or should I say manor? Huge was an understatement for the description of the house. It looked almost like a castle with its Roman architecture and wonderfully

landscaped lawn. The driveway turned in a circle and in the middle of it all was a luxurious water fountain with the statue of dancing cupids at the top.

I thought it was a bit cheesy but still couldn't help but marvel at the area.

Taking my time, I grabbed my bag and slowly made my way out the car following America to the doorstep. I was glad he allowed me to take my time. What confused me the most however was how he seemed to be stalling himself.

I had to snap my fingers in front of him to get his attention and only then did he ring the doorbell which echoed throughout the home.

We both waited nervously, not talking at all as we heard shuffling from behind the door. Slowly the door creaked open and a familiar country burst out and hugged America in joy.

"Amérique chérie! What a surprise! I thought I would be seeing Canada later!" The french country said in a shrill voice.

"M...mom! Uh yeah I told Canada I would just bring (Y/N) here myself." America said awkwardly hugging France back.

France pulled back and turned to me with a warm smile on her face.

"Ah, Bonjour, mon ami! You must be (Y/N)! We were expecting you!"

"Oh... h... hey what's up?" I said softly. I wasn't too great around strangers or people I didn't know.

"Mom where's dad?" America asked a nervous edge to his voice, "Your father had to stay out late at work today. I told him that I could take care of (Y/N) while he was out."

At this America perked up, "that's FANTASTIC! I mean... that's good (Y/N) has someone to look out for them." America chuckled nervously.

France shook her head. After a few more sentences of conversation, me and America finally said our goodbyes and goodnights. After he left, France took me inside the stellar mansion and showed me to my room.

I would have liked to elaborate on the intricate design of the house but at this point I was way too tired to care. France meanwhile was kind and very caring. She acted more and more motherly the more we talked. I kinda liked it but at the same time kinda felt a little homesick.

After France showed me my room, I quickly wished her goodnight quite ready for bed. Taking a quick shower and changing into a pair of pjs that were in the bag, I leaped into bed closing my eyes.

~~~

Slowly, my eyes startled fluttering open. I looked around to see a clock in the corner of the room show the time a little past 2 in the morning. Groaning, I slowly slipped out of bed and started wandering toward where I believed the kitchen was for a drink of water.

It was dangerously dark and I could barely see anything but the light of the moon shining from the windows was just enough to keep me from running into objects.

Slowly I turned a corner into yet another dark room. At this point, I was almost wandering aimlessly hoping I would eventually walk into the kitchen.

As I walked forward into the dark room I felt my leg bump into something on the ground causing me to trip. Something underneath me toppled down as well tossing light objects in all directions.

I slowly sat up rubbing my head to see myself sitting in a pile of papers. Feeling a little guilty, I started grabbing some and started putting them back into the cardboard box from which they had fallen out of.

It was still really dark and I couldn't make out the contents of what

the papers had. I still somehow managed to make out a few words however. The writing in most of them was done in ink and was faded. I could make out some cursive words and realized that I had most likely stumbled upon papers and documents from Britain's colonial days.

As I peered down at the writing to get a closer look, the lights of the room suddenly flickered on.

"What in the bloody hell do you think you're doing?"

I froze. Slowly I turned my head to a figure in the doorframe feeling a chill run down my spine. Britain stood there, his hand still half on the light switch with an equally angry and surprised face.

"I... I can explain!" I said quickly standing up with the paper still in my hand.

"Like hell you can! What do you think you were doing going through my papers like that eh? You have a dead sentence boy?"

I didn't know what to say. I stood there with a dumb look on my face avoiding eye contact.

"I was just trying to clean up after tripping over the box in the dark... sir." I added awkwardly.

"Rubbish. Why were you here in the first place?"

"I... I was looking for the kitchen sir. I couldn't find my way around in the dark..." I said barely whispering. I waited, my head down, awaiting Britain to yell at me some more. But all that came was a sigh.

I looked up slightly confused to see Britain shaking his head with a hand on top.

"I'm too tired to deal with this right now. The kitchen is down the hall to your right. I'll clean the rest of this mess. NOW GET OUT." He said slowly.

Seeing an escape, I nodded handing him the paper in my hand. I

flinched as I walked past him and had to do my best not to sprint down the hall in excitement and fear.

"AND TURN ON A BLOODY LIGHT NEXT TIME."

•~•

Yall I apologize for the late update. School has started and with homework and marching band engulfing my time I'm finding it a little hard to find time to write. But I'm still gonna try to have a somewhat decent update schedule. I would say every 7-10 days? Yeah. Shoutout to all you guys in Marching band. Make sure you stay hydrated~

Anyway thanks for reading and hope you have a good day/
night/3am!

Chapter 8 - Spasm

The next morning greeted me with the sweet smell of tea. Taking my time getting out of bed, still tired from last night's adventure, I put on some fresh clothes and headed to the kitchen. I now knew exactly where it was.

As I walked in, I saw Britain on the table reading a newspaper with a cup of tea in front of him. I was never much of a tea or coffee person but did enjoy them occasionally.

"Bonjour (Y/N)! Come sit down!" France explained from the kitchen noticing my arrival. Nodding, I sat down at the table across from Britain.

Unsure of what to say, I started fidgeting with my hands sneaking glances at Britain. I couldn't make out his face as it was covered up by the newspaper but I could tell he was deliberately avoiding looking at me.

"Here you are mon amie!" France walked up to me setting a freshly baked croissant down in front of me along with a cup of tea. I quickly thanked her and dove it. It was probably the best pastry I had ever had.

"So... uh... what am I doing today?" I asked through a bite. I saw the newspaper's sides start to crease as Britain tightened his grip.

"Well as much as I would *love* to spend time with you, I'm quite busy today. So you'll be accompanying UK with his work today. I hope that's alright with you." France said giving me a sympathetic look. I gulped sending back a sheepish smile. I was more worried if it was "alright" with Britain.

"Well look at the time! I need to leave mon amour!" France said walking over to Britain. Britain put down his paper and turned towards France.

"Blimey? Already?" He asked a hint of playfulness in his voice.

France giggled. I rolled my eyes.

"Oui mon cher. Essayer d'être bon avec notre ami pendant mon absence?" France said smiling at him. Britain grumbled and responded back in French causing France to laugh. With that, Britain quickled pecked her a kiss on her cheek and France was gone.

I watched sipping my tea as Britain got up from the table, straightened his collar and put away his now empty cup of tea. I must have been staring cause Britain shot me a look.

"What?" He asked.

"N...nothing!" I said looking away and suddenly focussing on my drink. The tea was sweet but not too sweet and had a tang of what I believed to be ginger. It was quite nice.

Britain watched me curiously as I finished off the remaining tea. I put down the glass and slowly stood up taking my dishes to the sink.

I kept my head down as I brushed past Britain on my way to the sink. The air was tense around us and I didn't know what to do.

"Ahem. (Y/N), I have a couple of business matters to attend with a few other countries today. As much as it *irks* me to say this, I am responsible for you and so can't leave you alone at my home. So you'll be accompanying me."

I perked up. Other countries? That was good to hear. I wouldn't have to spend the entire day with just him after all.

"Y... Yes sir." I said quickly. I couldn't read the look on Britain's face but it was enough to understand that he wasn't hating on me at the moment. I could live with that.

"I'm glad you understand. Now, be ready to leave in about 10 minutes. I don't live far from the parliament building and usually walk to get there so we'll be going on foot. I'll see you outside in a

bit."

With that final statement, Britain exited the room leaving me to myself. Not knowing what to do, I stayed in the room stalling for the next 10 minutes just looking around.

After that I quickly sprinted to the front door. Not a second later, Britain made his way over looking quite pleased that I hadn't wasted his time. Without a word, we stepped outside and began our walk to the building.

I started to trail behind as soon as I noticed how Britain seemed to tense up every time I got within 5 feet of him. Thinking back to what America had told me, I couldn't help but feel bad for him. However, I could feel the loneliness start to creep into me as well.

As we entered the city, many countries and states waved a hello to Britain. It seemed as if he was very well known. I couldn't say I got the same reaction. People pointed and whispered as they looked at me. I frowned keeping my head down shoving my hands into the pockets of my jeans.

Britain suddenly slowed down and approached me ushering me along.

"Ignore them, more than half of these states don't know when to mind their own business." He whispered, placing a hand on my shoulder in an act of comfort. I nodded hurrying along.

Soon enough we reached the building and walked inside. It had a nice lobby with a fancy glass chandelier draping from the ceiling. There was a lot more countries here walking about and chatting.

Britain lead me to the elevator and we both got in. Right as the door was about to close another country sprinted in. He had a red flag with yellow stars on his right eye. I gasp realizing that his right pupil was yellow and in the shape of a star as well.

"你好 Britain! How are you doing?" The country asked not noticing me.

Britain immediately started sweating. "Morning China. I'm doing

quite well. What... what about you?" He gave a pressed smile.

"I'm doing great thanks for asking. And... oh! Is this? Are you! 很高興見到你!" China said, holding out a hand to me.

"Oh... hi! I'm (Y/N)" I said shaking his hand.

"Yes I am well aware. Your presence hasn't been kept in the shadows my friend." China opened his mouth to say more when the elevator suddenly dinged and the door opened.

"Ah! I would love to stay and talk however I have some business I need to attend to with Japan! I shall see you later!" China nodded a goodbye and quickly left the elevator.

Just as the elevator door closed, I heard a thud sound next to me. I looked over horrified to see Britain passed out on the floor.

"Britain? S... Sir?" I asked starting to panic. I knelt down next to him and tried to shake him awake. As if to make matters worse the elevator dinged once again and the door opened.

Luckily, no one was in the hallway. Quickly, I started to drag Britain's body out of the elevator and down the hall. Spying a bathroom I quickly dragged him inside grateful no one was there. He was a lot heavier than he looked.

"Britain. Sir please... I can't deal with this!" I said. Cupping some water in my hands from the sink I splashed the countries face. Immediately, Britain flinched and slowly opened his eyes looking around in terror.

"Where... Soviet.... He's back?!... I..."

"Calm down!" I said grabbing his hand. His eyes darted to my face. "Hey... it's okay... it's just me... (Y/N) remember?" I asked grinning awkwardly.

"(Y/N)...? Blimey what happened?" Britain said breathing fast.

"I don't know... you saw China and started to sweat... I think you had a panic attack but I'm not sure." I said.

"C... China?? O... OH. Dear me, I hope I didn't scare the guy."
Britain said starting to calm down.

"No... I don't think he even noticed."

"Ah. I see." Britain looked down at our hands and picked up his hand which was still attached to mine. "Um?"

"Agh!" I let go of him, "S... Sorry sir."

Britain looked at me with a questioning look before slowly standing up. Ignoring me, he went to the mirror pulling out a handkerchief and wiping the remaining sweat of his face. He put it away, straightening his tie and looked back at me.

"Let's just go." He said unsure of what else to say.

"O...of course sir!" I said jumping up.

Britain sighed. "Y...You don't have to call me 'sir'. Britain is just fine."

"Oh. Sorry si- I mean Britain." I said nervously. I noticed him roll his eyes but still saw a small grin on his face as we walked out of the bathroom. This time instead of trailing behind, I walked side by side him as he walked to a door at the end of the hallway.

The tag on the outside was labelled "Germany".

"Let me enter first. Germany won't be expecting me to bring company." Britain said as he reached for the knob. I followed behind looking around.

The room was surprisingly well organized. There were file cabinets everywhere along with shelves completely filled with books. In the middle of the room was a single desk with a computer that seemed to be left on.

"Britain is that you?" Someone called from behind a door in the back. Slowly the door opened and in walked a young man in a yellow shirt and black pants holding a stack of papers.

"Ah. Good Morning Germany."

"Guten Morgen, I wasn't expecting you this early." Germany said shuffling to his desk. Finally putting his papers on the desk he looked up adjusting his glasses.

"Well anyway it should... Heiliger Strohsack! (Y/N)???" Germany asked jumping.

"Ah... hi... " I said a little unsure. How did he know my name? And why did he have that *look*? Germany had a thrilled look on his face. However it was anything but friendly. I felt like a deer caught in the headlights.

About to be run over.

Hey guys! Sorry about the name of the last chapter. Honestly I have no idea what came over me. Also yeah I changed the cover of this book. I kinda like this one but Idk cause I spent more time on the other one. Which one do you guys prefer? Anyway yeah I think we're finally getting into some of the more interesting stuff. At least I think so...

ANYWAYYYY thanks so much for reading! I hope you have a great day/night/3 am!

~ Dorito

Chapter 9 - The Request

Chapter 9

"Britain I had no idea you were bringing a guest!" Germany shuffled around his desk and almost ran at me. He held out a hand and hesitantly I shook it. Upon touching him a chill ran down my spine. His hands were freezing as if he had just walked out of the Arctic.

"Hi... n... nice to meet you Germany," I said trying to give the best fake smile possible. I saw Germany's eyes narrow behind his glasses for a second and then immediately go back into a gleaming looking.

The country turned back around straightening his tie to face Britain.

"Ah yes. I hope you don't mind. France had to leave early and so I'm stuck with them for the rest of the day." Britain said hovering over the spilt files on Germany's desk.

"Oh don't worry. I don't mind at all. I was hoping I would meet them sooner rather than later. Say Britain did you remember to get me those files from..." Germany started to trail.

"Oh dear I believe I forgot! Let me quickly run up to my office and get them. (Y/N) stay here and try not to bother Germany too much." With that Britain quickly left the room leaving me and the other country alone.

Awkwardly I turned around seeing that familiar evil grin on Germany's face. Before I could open my mouth to say anything Germany started speaking.

"Finally, I moment alone with you. (Y/N) you won't believe how frustrating the last few days have been for me anticipating when it would finally be my turn to "take care of you" and finally be able to talk one on one. Truly I've been blessed." Germany turned around and sprinted to a file cabinet, rummaging around the contents.

"Uh... sorry but is there something you need from me?" I asked knowing too well what the answer was going to be.

Germany immediately turned around holding a manila folder in his hand. "Yes indeed there is!" He shuffled over to his desk and pushed aside the other papers opening the folder to reveal pictures and other official documents.

"Come sit!" He ushered. Unsure of what else to do, I walked over and sat down on the chair in front of his desk.

"I assume America has already told you about Carileth. Knowing him, he probably told you everything." Germany said rolling his eyes. He looked up at me and I gave a small nod.

"Typical. Well anyway you remember the part where he said that Carileth had brought Soviet back to life?"

Again I only nodded, not knowing where he was going with all this. Underneath the desk, my hands shifted uncomfortably.

"Well, unknowingly to the other countries, I've actually been trying to figure out how she did it. I've been researching the notes and journals she left behind-"

"Wh...why are you telling me all this? Aren't you scared I might tell Britain or someone else what you've been doing?" I suddenly blurted out.

Germany glanced at me and smiled. "Yes but I doubt you will. Plus, it's my word against yours."

I gulped starting to sweat. He seemed to have really thought this all out.

"As I was saying, I have been studying her notes in hopes of trying to recreate the phenomenon. However, there seems to be something missing and now I am sure of it." He looked up and smiled, once again giving his spine tickling grin. "I'm missing a human variable."

That's when I understood what he was asking from me. Germany wanted my help to bring back a lost country. I wasn't sure if I

wanted to help. From what America told me about Carileth, it seemed as if helping Germany would only add to the hatred I sensed from some of the other countries.

More than that, who on Earth could Germany possibly be bringing back? From the fanfics I had read, the only close relative of Germany's was his "father" Nazi Germany. And I doubted bringing him back would please any of the other countries. So who..."

As if reading my thoughts, or seeing my absolutely confused face, Germany responded softly. "My brother."

I looked up alarmed. "You have a brother?"

"Had a brother but yes. No one talked about him much after the war. You might know of him. East? East Germany or more officially the German Democratic Republic."

I frowned suddenly remembering my notes from my world history class.

"Wait, didn't West and East..."

"Yes technically we 'merged' but that's not the point." Germany snapped suddenly. "East was still my brother and although he was... different... he was the closest thing I had to family."

I didn't know what to say. Part of me wanted to help the grieving country but the other knew that it wouldn't work.

In the end, my emotions overtook my logic. "H...how can I help?"

Upon hearing those words, Germany's eyes lit up and he jumped out of his chair only to slowly sit back down realizing his hype.

"Really?! That's wonderful news! Of course it means I might have to change a bit of my schedule Honestly wasn't expecting you'd be so easily convinced so I'm gonna have to cross off the force-"

"What?"

"What?" Germany looked up smiling and immediately looked back

down pulling out a notebook and crossing off something written on the page.

"Well anyway since it probably will be a while until we meet up again, I might have a request."

"Uh yeah sure what is it?" I asked a little giddy.

"Me and Russia haven't been on the best of terms for a while and because of this it complicates matters. You see, there's a hidden bunker somewhere in his forest that contains more notes left behind by Carileth. So far, only me and Russia know about this and so it hasn't been completely cleaned up. Now Russia believes that the bunker should be left alone... but I desperately need the notes..."

I gulped knowing exactly where he was going with this.

"Since I can't really enter his property, I was wondering if you wouldn't mind retrieving those documents for me."

"H...HUH?" I opened my mouth but was interrupted.

"As you're probably going to be required to stay at Russia's for a day, you might as well make the most of your time." Germany said shrugging.

Before I could speak the door behind us rattled and Britain walked in with a couple of papers in his hand.

"So sorry about the wait, I couldn't find the document and had to reprint them. I hope you don't mind— good golly lad! Are you alright?" Britain looked at me with a face of complete concern.

Realizing that I was probably completely pale, I stuttered out, "y... yeah I'm pretty fantastic."

"They tripped over some of my papers and almost crashed into my bookshelf. That's all." Germany immediately said.

I appreciated him vouching for me but did he really have to make me appear clumsy? Which wasn't necessarily wrong, but I had a crumpled dignity to maintain.

"Oh... alright then."

Germany gratefully took the papers from Britain. They talked for a minute and soon we were out the door. I looked back one last time before exiting to see Germany give a small smile and mouth:

"Good Luck."

Tis correct I am BACK. Sorry guys the last few weeks have just been hectic. To make up for it you can expect another chapter (Yes ANOTHER one) very soon!

Like always, thanks for reading and hope u have a good day/
night/3am!
~ Dori <3

Chapter 10 - SOS : Save Our Spaghetti

I stood outside a chocolate colored door staring up at multi-level building in front of me. The sky had turned a bright red spilling the streets of the town with blood covered light. I gulped nervously as Britain rung the doorbell. It was time for me to switch countries once again and I had been informed we would be going to a rather excitable country's home.

My backpack felt heavy on my shoulders as the seconds passed by; Britain took to time to adjust his hat.

"Any minute now." He said glancing down at his wrist to see the time.

As if on cue, we heard running footsteps from behind the door. They got louder and louder until finally coming to a rest on the other side. I watched as the handle twisted and the door swung open.

"Ciao Britain!" The country behind immediately greeting us with a gleaming smile. He had a familiar flag. Three vertical stripes, green, white, and red colors from left to right. He wore a white shirt with a green and red sleeve to match his flag. On his neck lay a golden brownish bandana that matched his yellow boater.

"Ah good evening Italy. (Y/N) meet Italy. He shall be taking care of you for the next day or two who knows." Britain said giving me a meaningful glance.

"Ah yes but of course! Welcome welcome (Y/N)! Come in! I have mucha planned!"

I chuckled at the Italian's strange accent. Out of all the countries I had met so far, I found his most interesting and close to home. Exchanging a quick good-bye with Britain, it was obvious that he

didn't want to associate with me for longer than he had too, I walked into the home looking around.

It was quite comfy. The entrance led to a living room with a beige colored couch near the middle facing the TV on the wall. Behind it, there was a bar like platform with a couple of stools that separated the kitchen from the rest of the room. Next to that, there was a staircase leading up to what I could only assume to be the bedrooms.

"Please make yourself at home-a!" Once again, I couldn't help but chuckle at his accent.

"Is there a something wrong?" Italy asked tilting his head.

"No! Nothing at all! It's just your voice. It reminds me of Mario." I said laughing.

"UGH that wrecked Japan!" Italy said sliding onto one of the bar stools. "Making the fabulous Mario a plumber. Can you believe a this? He could have made him a bistro chef of the highest class serving gourmet meals to the Princess of the Peaches but no. The plumber had to jump through pipes to fight an ugly ninja turtle to save the princess who got kidnapped so MANY times you would believe her to have a stockholm syndrome."

I laughed at Italy's remarks as he smiled. He seemed to be a very friendly person. I had never really seen many fanfics with him and honestly I enjoyed not knowing what to expect for once.

"Well anyway. Speaking of a gourmet meal. You must be starving! Why don't you go upstairs and clean up while I cook one of my most flavourful dishes. Your room is upstairs to the left!" Italy said slowly standing up.

With a quick nod, I headed up to the room. Soon after a quick shower in the bathroom that I found connected to my room, I headed downstairs in some fresh clothes.

Downstairs a wonderful aroma had filled the air making my mouth water. I could hear Italy singing softly to himself in the kitchen as

he worked. Not wanting to disturb him, I tip-toed down the stairs and into the living room.

I watched Italy work from afar chopping up ingredients and tossing up freshly kneaded dough in the air. I had an idea of where this was going.

I was just about to open my mouth to say something when something got my attention. Italy reached into his back pocket and pulled out a small bottle with a strange liquid inside. Although I couldn't read what the label said, one look at the picture of the skull and I knew something was wrong.

There must be a mistake. Italy isn't going to poison me.

I watched with caution as Italy opened the bottle and poured a couple of droplets into the marinara sauce with the same warm smile he had given me earlier.

"Oh (Y/N)... I almost feel bad for doing this to you. You seemed like a good kid. However Carileth tried to poison me... and since I couldn't get my revenge on her. I must do it a different way." Italy hummed to himself.

Taken aback, I bit my tongue sliding down to the floor out of the country's sight. Italy's accent was gone and replaced by a colder, more smooth English. Italy continued to hum a simple tune as I tiptoed back to the stairs.

I needed to get out of there. Slowly I walked back to the stairs and practically sprinted back to the room as quickly and quietly as I could.

Panicking, I looked around for something to help me. I eyed the window knowing that it would probably be a horrible idea since I was on the second floor with only concrete to break my fall.

"(Y/N)!! Dinner's ready!" Italy sang from below.

Thinking fast, I sprinted into the bathroom with my backpack and yelled back. "Yeah! I'll be down in a minute, I'm in the bathroom."

Not hearing a response I waited, ear on the door, listening.

Softly, I started to hear footsteps coming up the stairs. I held my breath as the door to my room opened. The door eventually closed and I heard footsteps trailing away outside.

It was time to leave.

Slinging my backpack over my shoulder, I exited the bathroom and slowly opened the door peering into the hallway. The coast was clear. Slowly, I sneaked down the stairs stopping once as I heard a creak upstairs. Reluctantly, I continued until I was downstairs.

The aroma was now even stronger as a freshly baked pizza sat on the counter. I bit my lip as my stomach grumbled at the smell. "Not today," I said whispering. I did a small salute to the poisoned pizza and quickly walked to the front door.

"(Y/N) where are you going?"

I whipped around to see Italy standing at the base of the stairs looking terrified yet angered.

Not responding I fidgeted with the handle and Italy started to walk towards me.

"You can't leave. NOT YET! You haven't tried my pizza!" Italy's voice faltered leaking away from the accent to something much darker.

Finally the door swung open.

"Sorry Plumberman I'm out." I raced out the door just as Italy jumped forward to try and grab me. I heard him trip, missing my backpack by inches, and fall as I sprinted away into the night.

Please read the bold text at the bottom.

Hey guys! Just like I promised ANOTHER chapter! I wanted to say thanks so much for 1000 views and more than 50 likes! It means so much to me knowing that people are enjoying my story!

I need some help. This is a special chapter and since you've just run away from Italy's house, you need to decide where to go! Comment and let me know where your adventures will take you or who you would like to meet!

And as always! Thanks for reading and have a wonderful day/
night/3 am!

~ Dori

Chapter 11 - The Three Musketeers

I ran as fast as I could not looking back. Since Italy's house was on the edge of the city, it wasn't long before the buildings started moving away as I ran to a seemingly more urban area.

The city landscape faded away as a forest started to come into view. The lush green trees waved welcomingly in the wind as I approach completely out of breath.

I walked into the forest and leaned over on a tall oak panting for air. Looking over my shoulder, I realized that I had completely abandoned the city and now all that remained was an array of bright green plants and trees.

The forest ground was covered in leaves and the air felt strangely humid which contrasted sharply from the smoky dry air of the city. It smelled of recent rain and wet dirt which covered the ground under the fallen leaves.

Glancing around, I realized that I had forgotten where I'd come from and now seemed lost.

At least Italy won't be able to find me now. I thought to myself shrugging.

Not having much choice, I decided to explore further into the forest and perhaps see if I could find another country's land.

After walking around for what seemed like hours, I realized that I was getting nowhere. More than that, it was already extremely dark out and my eyes were starting to droop.

Sighing, I found a sorta comfortable looking tree and sat down,

leaning on it for support. Almost immediately my eyes began to close from the exhaustion of the last few hours and I fell asleep to the soft whispers of the forest.

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The sound of muffled voices and shuffling woke me up. I opened my eyes and jolted up in the bed I was looking around surprised. This wasn't the forest? Was I in another country's home? Who were they and how did they find me?

Question buzzed around in my head causing me to be oblivious to that door that was slowly opening. My eyes dashed to the doorway as I saw three pairs of eyes look back in my direction.

"They're awake!"

"Of course they're awake, with all the noise you were making it would have been hard for ANYONE to sleep."

"Shut up Malay."

The three countries shoved each other through the doorway not bothering to open it anymore. I inspected their flags and immediately a smile started to form on my face.

The first country was wearing a jacket that had sun shaped hieroglyphics on the white sleeves. Their flag had a bright yellow star on their left and two stripes the top blue and the bottom red.

The second country was wearing a black shirt that matches a black cap that they had on their head. Their flag was similar to Poland's but the colors were flipped.

The last and final country was wearing a hoodie with a tiger embodied on the back. Their flag was similar to America's, except instead of stars, there was a yellow crescent moon and a single yellow star. They also carried a smug look that screamed their disapproval at me being where I was.

"Hey! I know you guys! Philippines, Indonesia and Malaysia right?" I said pointing to each one respectively.

"Yeah! That's right! You must be that human that's got all those European countries in a tangle." Philippines walked up to me and held out his hand. Smiling I shook it. "I'm (Y/N)."

"Good to meet you (Y/N)! You can call me Phil!"

"And you can call me Indo!" Indonesia piped up from the back. Malaysia simply grumbled a response that I couldn't make out. Indo rolled his eyes.

"Ignore Malay, he's pretty grumpy about having to carry you back here at like 2 in the morning." Indo said waving Malay off. I felt myself heat up.

"Oh... oH. Thanks! I didn't even notice that. Honestly, I was pretty surprised to wake up here!" I said.

"No problem! I was gonna ask you what you were doing in the forest but maybe we can talk about that later. For now, you're our guest! Come let us show you around!" Phil exclaimed. Grabbing my hand, Phil dragged me out of the bed and out of the room with the other two following suit.

The three showed me around their dwelling which was a sturdy wooden building in the middle of the forest. It almost seemed like a tree house. I was amazed by the sights from the windows when I didn't notice myself set on a slightly squishier surface.

I jumped back getting a hostile hiss from the ground. There on the floor was a ginormous komodo dragon that looked like it was gonna eat me on the spot.

"Nesos! There you are!"

I watched in total shock as Indonesia dashed forward and scooped up the reptile and carried it like a child. I was sure that he was gonna get attacked but the dragon did no such thing.

I watched in awe as Nesos instead seemed to smile at Indo in his grasp.

"So sorry about that! Nesos isn't used to visitors often. Honestly he

scares a lot of people away." Indo explained.

"Yeah he's really a sweet boy." Phil said. He approach the dragon and stuck out his hand to pet him. Immediately, Nesos snapped back causing Phil to give a yelp as he stumbled back into Malay. Me and Malay laughed in union continuing the tour.

After seeing all I could of the house, we sat down and I explained to the three what happened before I came here and why I was in the forest. They listened patiently, but I watched as the color in their eyes fade as I started to explain my encounter with Italy.

"First things first, I'll call up ASEAN and ask him to let the Europe countries know you're safe." Malaysia said leaving the room.

"Wait ASEAN exists?" I asked surprised. "But he's not a country..."

The other two blinked.

"Well, yes, that's true, but they still are a representation of us and so therefore exist." Phil explained simply. I didn't question it any further.

"And about Italy, I'll make sure that plumber boy gets what's coming for him!" Indo huffed rolling up his sleeves and punching the air.

I chuckled but stopped realizing something. "Hold up, why aren't you guys acting strange like..."

"Cause the last human was their problem." Indo said shrugging.

"We weren't involved in any of it. Just heard rumors and stories of what happened. Honestly, I don't know if any of it's true or not." Phil added. He leaned back in his chair, placing his arms behind his head. "Not like it matters. A guest is still a guest no matter how cruel."

I slowly nodded as Malaysia reentered the room.

"So I spoke to ASEAN and coincidentally, EU was in the room. They said to allow (Y/N) to stay in our home for the night and they take

them to Russia's house tomorrow morning." Malay said putting his hands in the pockets of his jacket.

I opened my mouth to respond while Indo gave a cheer. "Awesome! You get to sleep in my room with me!"

I blushed turning to Indo. As strange as it felt, there was nothing else I wanted more than a proper night's rest in which I could feel safe knowing someone was near me. Especially since I had to go to Russia's in the morning.

"Sounds great!" I said scratching my neck.

"Perfect! Let's go!" Indo grabbed my hand and dragged me out the room. I hollered out a quick good night to Phil and Malay who giggled disappearing around the corner.

Indo took me all the way back to the room I was originally sleeping in.

"Here, you can go change in the bathroom. I'll get the bed ready!"

I blushed harder nodding as I grabbed my backpack which had been neatly leaning against a wall and entered the bathroom to change thought spinning around my head.

When I exited, I saw that Indo had also changed out of his attire and now wore a simple gray sweat pant and a red t-shirt. The bed was now covered in blankets and pillows. *S... So that's what he meant.* I said sighing.

I mentally slapped myself and walked over slipping into the blankets. Indo slipped in after me but there was a great deal of space left between us on his king size bed.

Indo switch off the lamp on the table next to the bed and yawned.

"Well... goodnight (Y/N). I'll see you in the morning." He said putting his head down on the pillow and closing his eyes.

"Night." I said closing my eyes.

An hour had barely passed when I felt movement on my bed. I turned to face Indo to see that he was shaking, eyes squeezed shut and tears rolling down his face. He was mumbling some words I couldn't make out and whimpering softly .

Not knowing what else to do, I slowly wrapped my arm around his body trying to comfort him. Upon touch, Indo flinched but slowly started to relax in my warm grip.

I sighed smiling as Indo started to calm down and his face began to relax. Finally, I closed my eyes, still hugging Indonesia, and fell asleep.

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Hey guys! Yes another update not toooo far off! Things kinda escalated in the end there but hey it's just some light fluff.

Anyway let me know if you liked having a bit of choice in the story!

Since it is country x reader I wanted to give you guys the opportunity to kinda decide your own story. Let me know if you guys liked and would like me to do this in the future!

Anyway like always, thanks for reading and have a wonderful day/
night/3 am!

~ Dorito

Chapter 12 - Russia

The next day I found myself standing outside of a wooden cabin in the middle of pretty much nowhere. Actually, I wouldn't say that, the area was surrounded by thick forests but you couldn't make out anything past the trees.

Indo and Phil had decided to accompany me to Russia's house. Malaysia had stayed behind. I wasn't exactly sure why but he said he had work to do. Honestly, I couldn't blame him if he wanted to stay out of the whole "there's a human in our world" fiasco.

"Why do I have to go to Russia's again?" I asked for possibly the fifth time groaning.

"Because he's the one EU told us to take you too. He's also the safest country you can be with. He won't harm you and as long as you're with him, no one will come near you." Phil responded rolling his eyes.

I gulped unsure of how to feel about that. I could tell by the nervous flicker in Indo's eye that he too was scared of Russia. As for not harming me... I could only hope that I would make it through the night alive.

"C... come on! Let's knock." Indo said rushing forward to the door. He seemed pretty eager to get this over with.

Sighing, I followed him with Phil walking behind me. The sound of heavy thuds rang out as Indo knocked on the wooden door. We waited in silence until finally we heard a click from the other side.

The door slowly swung open and the three of us looked up to see a dark figure glaring down at us. If I had known Russia would be a good foot and a half taller than me, I wouldn't have agreed to have stood right in front of the door.

"H... hey Russia! We... we were just bringing (Y/N) to you! I'm s... sure EU informed you about the situation!" Indo stammered out hands fidgeting by his side.

"Yes..." The Russian responded slowly. He back up to allow me entry. I turned to the two countries terrified. Immediately, Philippines jumped onto me engulfing me in a hug.

"You be safe okay? It was great meeting you!" He said cheerfully. Smiling, I wrapped my hands around him and returned the hug. I heard Russia snort in the background.

Phil let go and Indo walked up to me.

"Hey... I never got a chance to say sorry... "

I frowned at him. "About what?"

"About last night... I should have remembered. I get nightmares sometimes and I..." Indo's voice began to break.

Eyes widening, I pulled him in for a hug. "No... no don't apologize. Nightmares aren't something you should deal with by yourself. I was happy to be able to help you!"

I could feel Indo smile even without looking at him. "T... thank you (Y/N)" he whispered in my ear before letting me go. He whipped his face with his sleeves and I could only assume he had started crying. I gave him a warm smile.

After that, we exchanged whole hearted good byes and I watched them turn and leave.

As soon as they were out of sight, a cold shiver ran up my back as realization flooded back. I was at Russia's.

Slowly I turned around to see him staring daggers in my direction.

"Well? Are you going to come in or not?" He snapped.

As much as I wanted to turn around and bolt, I hurried inside not wanting to keep him waiting. I felt like a child being scolded by

their parents. As soon as I stepped in, Russia slammed the door making me jump.

"I'll show you to your room," he muttered under his breath before walking away down the hallway. I shoved my shaking hands in my pant pockets and followed him down the wooden hallway.

The interior of the cabin looked quite cozy and sort of like a hunting cabin. There was a bear skin rug in the middle of the floor and even a couple of animal head trophies lining the top of the walls. The painting in the house were all depictions of nature and the forest outside. They varied in seasons and even in the animals that were in them.

I opened my mouth to ask about one specifically but closed it realizing that maybe now was not the best time. Russia finally stopped at a door and swung it open moving out the way.

I sneaked a glance inside to see a queen sized bed covered in brown leaf printed sheets, a small yellow lamp on the wooden nightstand and another painting on the opposite wall showing a grazing deer. It looked quite cozy.

"This is your room. You can do whatever you want but don't disturb me and DON'T come into my room." Russia growled before turning and disappearing down the hall. I gaped at how easily he had let me go. I had expected there to be a lecture of some sorts. Some sort of speech about how much he hated humans. But nothing came.

Instead, I turned back into the room and looked around. I walked to the bed and placed my backpack down when something caught my eye. There on the window on the left side, was a piece of paper stuck under the frame.

I narrowed my eyes walking over. I grabbed the paper with one hand and lifted up the windowsill freeing it. I quickly noticed that it was an envelope and began to rip it open. Inside was a small note written in neat cursive.

"I wasn't expecting an opportunity to come this soon but one must always be prepared for every scenario. I don't have much

information on the bunker but it should be in the forest. Good Luck (Y/N)."

My skin turned pale. The letter wasn't signed but I already knew who it was from. How in hell had Germany got this letter here so quickly? How did he even know that I was going to Russia's? How did he even get onto his land?

A million questions swirled around in my head but I chose to ignore them. It seemed as if I didn't really have a choice either way. Shoving the note into my back pocket, I walked out of my room and to the front door.

"Hey Russia, I'm gonna go take a stroll in the forest if you don't mind!" I yelled out into the house. I waited patiently for an answer but only received silence in return. "Russia?" I called out again. No response.

"Uh... I'll be... outside if you need me." I said frowning. He probably was choosing to ignore me which was honestly fine in my opinion. I opened the heavy wooden door and stumbled out, slowly closing it shut behind me.

The forest air was different than all the places I had been to so far. It seemed... fresh, clean and oddly relaxing. The only noises in the forest were the soft rustle of the leaves in the wind and the occasional chirp from a bird overhead.

Deciding that I probably had a lot of ground to cover, I started walking keeping an eye out for anything that looked like a building or a cave hidden amongst the trees.

The leaves crunched under my shoes and occasionally a squirrel would scurry past only half acknowledging my existence. As I walked on, I inspected the trees making out different figures from the paintings I had seen earlier in the house. Comparing them to what was in front of me, they seemed very well painted capturing the forest atmosphere almost perfectly with all it's warm shadowy lighting.

I smiled enjoying myself. I was just about to turn when suddenly,

there was a rustling from the bush behind me. I whipped around eyeing the thick pack of leaves suspiciously.

Suddenly, a creature jumped out slamming right into my body causing me to give a yelp of surprise. I fell backwards with the creature following on top of me. My eyes closed at the impact of the hit and when they opened, they took a minute to adjust. I gasped as soon as my vision cleared.

"America?!"

~ ~ ~

Hey hey! Guys oh my gosh how is this story #2 on CountryxReader??? I honestly can't thank you guys enough! I know it's been a while since my last update and I want to apologize. School's still pretty busy and the last weeks been kinda rough. On the bright side, I've got thanksgiving break to catch up and hopefully write a few more chapters of this!

As always, thanks for reading this! I always love reading your comments, and just seeing the support that you guys give for this amateur piece of baloney. I hope you have a nice day/night/3am!

~ Dorito

Chapter 13 - Search

"(Y/N)?! What are you doing here. Actually nevermind that! WE HAVE TO GO." America rolled off from on top of me and grabbed my hand pulling me up in a hurry.

"Wh... What is it though?" I asked wobbling and brushing off the leaves that were sticking to my shirt. In response, America grabbed my hand and broke into a run.

I gave a yelp stumbling after him. Soon, I broke into a steady run next to the country.

"What's going on?" I asked again as we sprinted through the dense woods. America turned to me pure terror on his face.

"B... Bear." He said before running forward. Suddenly, I stopped allowing him to speed ahead. He quickly noticed and turned around in confusion to see me standing there with my arms folded and my eyebrows raised in amusement.

"There's nothing after us." I said smirking. America chuckled slightly and pulled at his shirt collar.

"Pfft. Yeah I knew that. I was just testing your speed to see if I'd have to leave you if there really was a bear." He said chuckling nervously and walking back to where I had stopped.

I stared at the country who seemed to be unscratched from that run. I was panting inaudibly to myself but America seemed perfectly fine. I guess resistance was another perk to being a country.

America straighten his glasses and spoke. "So uh... what are you doing in Russia's forest?"

I narrowed my eyes. "I could ask you the same."

"H...huh?! Well see it was just talking a walk." America responded

scratching his head.

"On the other side of the world?" I asked in marvel.

"Hey it's not THAT far. We aren't on the world if you haven't noticed." America said crossing his hands.

"Mmhmmm. So why are you here really?" I asked again. Suddenly I gasped as a thought crept into my mind. "Are... are you *stalking* Russia?" I said as a grin spread across my face.

To my amusement, America turned red and choked on the air, completely thrown off his rhythm.

"W... What?! I would never!"

A moment of silence.

"Ok yeah... I was... *But before you can say something*. It's because I was worried about you. I know Russia isn't the most... friendly person and I heard from Poland what happened when you first came. I wanted to make sure you weren't like... dead or something."

I laughed. "Thanks for looking out for me then. Honestly, Russia didn't bother to stay in my heavenly presence for long." I said wiggling my eyebrows.

America laughed rolling his eyes. "Not the time kid." But I know he was amused.

"He showed me my room and immediately disappeared." I said shrugging. We started to walk slowly through the forest. Colors of green, red and orange fell around us as a gust of wind blew loosely held leaves off their branches.

"Honestly I'm a bit jealous you got to see Russia's house." America said looking up.

"Why's that? Have you never been there?"

America shook his head. "The only people who have probably been inside are Ukraine and Belarus. How's it like? Are there bottles

everywhere?"

I laughed remembering Russia's expectation of always having his head in a bottle of vodka. "Oh no. It's actually really clean. And strangely comfortable."

"Huh." America didn't say more.

We walked in silence. I took the time to examine him. He was wearing a bomber jacket with a fluffy white outline near his neck. He had on blue ripped jeans and dark chocolate colored boots. His shirt meanwhile was a solid shade of gray.

"What are you thinking about?"

I snapped out of my thoughts and stared at his sunglass covered eyes. "Nothing much."

"So why were you out and about? By yourself too?" America asked tilting his head.

I bite my tongue. I didn't want to lie to America. He was probably one of the kindest countries I had met here. But at the same time I didn't know his relationship with Germany. What if he would rat Germany out? What if he got mad? What if...

"I'm looking for something." I blurted out.

America stopped. "Oh? And what might that be?"

Too late to turn back. "Uh... I heard some r... rumors that there's a secret bunker here somewhere in Russia's forest. And uh... I wanted to see if it was real." I said fidgeting with my fingers.

I glanced up at America to see a blank expression on his face as he processed the information. I squished my eyes closed ready for him to yell at me. Which he did. Just not in the way I thought...

"Bro what?! That's awesome! I think I heard about something like that Spain. Can I help?" America hollered. I sighed smiling.

"Yeah that would be great!" I said smiling.

Slowly, our walk turned into more of an Easter egg hunt. We were brushing past bushes, turning over rocks and even checking around every tree that looked like it might have been hiding a secret.

We didn't find anything for the next 10 minutes however that didn't stop us from continuing. We did, however, mistake a bunny for a bear, almost fall into a whole bustle of poison ivy and run into a low hanging branch. I think I might have a slight bump on my head now that I think about it.

After what seemed like ages, America gasped. I ran over to him. "What? Did you find something?!" I asked excited.

"Yeah look!" America leaned down and brushed away the leaves on the ground to reveal a faded sign.

The wood was cracked and covered in dirt. The letters which were probably painted bright red with warning had dulled over time. Some of the paint had chipped away making a couple words unreadable. However we could make out some things. The sign was written in Russian but we were able to understand that it was directions to a place from America's attempt to read despite not being too proficient in the language.

"It has to be here somewhere!" I exclaimed. America nodded and once again we began our search refreshed in an instance. We discarded the sign leaving it where we found it as it was of no use to us.

I walked over to a small clearing and looked around. The sun was now setting letting rays of golden light through the rare openings in the trees. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a gleam.

Immediately, I turned and walked over to where the shine had come from. I got down on my knees and began to brush away leaves looking for something where suddenly, my hand grazed over cold metal.

"America! I found something!" I hollered. In an instance, America was by my side and we were clearing away leaves and other debris from what seemed like a metal trap door in the ground.

We inspected our work. The door was a square and looked rusted with time. There wasn't a lock and one should have been able to easily lift it from the top.

I looked at the handle grasping it with both hands. With all the strength I could manage, I pulled but the metal didn't budge.

"I think it's stuck." America commented. "Let me try."

I moved over for the country. I watched as America pulled at the handle. He's build was strong and I could tell he worked out. However, it still wasn't enough, the door wouldn't move an inch.

"Ugh! Stupid door." I rolled my eyes as America stood up and walked on top of the door. I realized what he was doing.

"Wait, America I don't think-"

Mid sentence, America jumped up and landed down on the door which made an odd squeaking sound. Looking up at me with a grin, America jumped again.

My eyes widened as I watched the door budge, but something was wrong.

"AMERICA WAIT!"

America jumped one last time and with a loud crack, the door gave way and caved in. I jumped and grabbed America's hand as he screamed falling with the door which made multiple thuds hitting the walls on it's way down. I never heard an impact.

America was now swaying dangerously over the drop the only thing stopping him from falling being my hand that had wrapped around his wrist.

"America! D... don't let go!" I hissed straining to try and pull him up.

He was too heavy.

I looked at his eyes which were peeking out from his lopsided glasses. They were wide with fear. He gulped realizing the situation.

My palms started to sweat and I could feel his hand slowly loosening its grip on mine.

"M...my hand's slipping!" America stuttered out.

"NO! Just hold on! Just a bit!" I said straining my hand. I pulled at him and then suddenly I felt the warm grip on my hand disappear.

"AMERICA NO!" I hollered as the country fell backwards down into the hole giving an echo-y scream that slowly faded with his figure.

Please read the bold text~

~ ~ ~

Decision time:

Will you...

Leave the area and go find Russia to get help. After all, the hole is incredibly deep and you could get injured if you fell and that wouldn't help America at all. Moreover, you don't know if this is the bunker and even if it is, America matters more than Germany's plan.

Or

Find a way into the hole. You aren't leaving America unattended especially if he could be injured. Moreover, you can't risk betraying Germany's trust and ruining his only chance at getting information from the bunker, if that's even what the hole is.

Remember that your actions each have their own consequences. So choose wisely. Majority vote will win.

Chapter 14 - Darkness

I kneeled down staring at the bottomless hole. The entire world seemed to have stopped. Not a single leaf stirred.

Gaping at the pit, my breathing slowed. I inched away leaning against a tree to keep myself from falling over. I felt like fainting. Had I just killed a country? Me, a mortal human, killed one of the world's greatest powers?!

I had to get help. I couldn't have just left America down there. What if he was alive? What if, by some miracle, he was waiting and hoping that he would be rescued.

I crawled over to the edge of the hole and looked down feeling dizzy at the never ending darkness.

"A...America?" I croaked out loud. No response.

"America!?" I called again a little louder. Still no response. I felt tears start to flow down my face.

"America please! Are you in there? Please say something!" I called into the hole. Frustrated I banged my fist on the ground feeling like screaming.

This was all my fault. I never should have agreed to help Germany. I never should have told America what I was looking for. And now Russia...

Russia. I had to get him. I had to tell him.

Slowly, I picked myself up from the ground not bothering to brush off the leaves and dirt from my clothes. I looked around trying to remember landmarks to be able to come back.

Making sure I knew where I was, I broke into a run all the way back

to the cabin. The night had begun to fall and the sky darkened making it harder and harder to see.

The tears streaking my face only made things worse, blurring my sight. I felt my leg get caught in a tree root and I fell face first into the dirt.

I whimpered turning around. I was lost. I couldn't see and couldn't think straight. Not knowing what else to do, I curled up in a ball and cried.

Pathetic.

I didn't deserve their kindness. Britain was right. Russia was right. We humans were all the same...

All we did was bring destruction wherever we went.

I bite my tongue, my head spinning with thoughts. Then something strange happened. I heard a muffled yell.

Gradually, I looked up seeing a small glow of white light far away. I immediately knew what it was. A flashlight.

I jumped up.

"Over here!" I yelled jumping and waving. My chest hurt but I began to run forward.

The light got closer and closer and soon the figure noticed me. It began running towards me. As it got closer, it got larger and larger and immediately I knew I had found Russia.

"Russia!" I yelled. I tripped again and fell forward with a yelp. I tried to get up and soon felt a hand gripping my arms and lifting me up.

"(Y/N)? What happened?" Russia asked looking at me with a mix of concern and fear.

"America... he fell. I couldn't see him or hear him. I... I don't know where. The metal door, there was a hole underneath." I sputtered

out crying once again.

"Calm down. You need to speak clearly. Америка is here?" Russia asked narrowing his eyes.

"Yes! And he... he fell." I sobbed.

"Fell? Where?"

"In the hole. In the middle of the woods. There was a metal door on the ground and we tried to see what was inside... he... he jumped on it and fell in."

Russia's eyes widened with fear.

"He WHAT?" Russia hollered in absolute terror. He looked down at me in shock and all I could do was let out a whimper.

"We have to go. Come on. Can you walk?" He growled turning and looking over his shoulder. I nodded hastily even know I knew I was lying. I was out of breath from running and was pretty sure I had twisted my ankle when I fell.

Russia didn't bother to ask anything else and started jogging along past the trees his flashlight leading the way. I had a feeling the light was mostly just for me. Russia seemed like he knew every tree, bush and vine's location and could tell in a heartbeat if something was off.

I said nothing as I followed. Russia must have noticed that I wasn't feeling so great because he started to slow down allowing me to catch up.

We had walked for maybe 10 minutes but every second that ticked by felt like hours. I could tell Russia felt just as anxious but was trying his best to not leave me by myself. I felt like a liability.

After what seemed like ages, we arrived to yet another part of the forest. It was a bit hilly here and I trudged along having to put in more work to climb. Soon Russia stopped and turned around.

"You tell ANYONE, and I mean ANYONE, that this is here, you

won't live to see another day. Got it?" Russia snapped staring me down.

I nodded a little confused about what he meant. Russia took in a breath and walked over to a tree. I watched in amazement as part of the bark swung open revealing a number panel. Russia quickly punched in a code and I heard a rumble behind me. I turned around to see that part of the hill had opened revealing a metal door that swung open with a dull beep.

Russia switched off his flashlight, pocketing it and walking inside. Hesitating, I followed looking around.

The door swung shut behind up with a heavy thunk of metal. Tube lights lined the ceiling which hung low but was just high enough for Russia to not have to duck under. The place was incredibly dusty and dirt clouded the floors. The walls were made of metal and had rusted just like the metal door from earlier.

I gulped remembering the incident. I hoped America was alright.

"The base is pretty large and the part where Америка fell into trails off from a single branch." Russia explained. He sounded pissed but for some reason, felt the need to tell me anyways.

I simply nodded.

We walked along in silence and Russia led us around twists and turns in the hallways. Sometimes we would reach doors but in the rooms inside would be pitch black. I tried squinting through one of them and could make out shapes of large metal machines and pipes. I couldn't see the ceiling.

Russia didn't stop for me. He would snap if I fell behind or got too curious. I didn't blame him.

"You think America's alright?" I suddenly asked quietly.

Russia was quiet for a minute. And then, "That American's the most stubborn country I've met. If anyone is to survive a fall that high, it's him."

I smiled looking down. So there was hope after all.

After a few more turns we reached a point where the lights no longer worked. Russia casually got out his flashlight and started to lead the way. I followed a little closer not knowing what was waiting for me in the dark.

We reached a pair of doors and finally, Russia pushed through to see a small yet dark room. I looked up to see a small gap in the ceiling, letting in a minuscule amount of moonlight.

"This is the place!" I gasped. Immediately, I limped forward and started looking around. Eyeing the ground, I saw the metal door and lots of dirt and debris. But no sign of America.

Russia knelt down and touched something on the floor.

"Кровь..." he whispered.

"What?"

"Blood." He said looking up and staring at me. I scrambled over and looked at the spot. Just as he said, there was a puddle of golden liquid on the floor.

"Your blood is golden?!" I asked surprised.

"Нет. Just him. Mine is black." Russia said simply.

I stood up and looked down for a bigger view. Russia did the same shining the flashlight on the puddle. There were marks where America had dragged himself off the floor and a trail of droplets that led down the hallway.

"He went this way!" I said excitedly. Russia glanced down picking up an object from the floor and pocketing it. "Да."

He began to speed forward following the trail. After a few steps the trail ended abruptly. In front of us was a hallway with doors on both sides. This place looked like hell.

Some of the frames had half held doors, others completely broken.

The floor had pieces of wood and dust layered around. Long story short, it looked like a bomb had blown up and no one had bothered to clean the mess afterwards.

"We should split up." I said suddenly.

Russia narrowed his eyes. Hesitating, he nodded.

"Fine. Stay in this hallways so if you find something I can hear you." He walked over to me and handed me the flashlight.

"What about you?" I asked. "Don't you need light to see?"

Russia shrugged. "Not as much as you no."

I nodded, not wanting to make further conversation. Looking around, I picked a room that looked the most held up out of the selection. It even had a proper door!

The door squeaked open and I coughed as dust flew around me. Immediately, I heard a shuffle in the back. "Hello?..."

I shined my flashlight around to see shelves and desks filling the room. All the shelves were empty and a couple of desks were overturned.

As quietly as my feet allowed, I tiptoed over to where the noise was, covering my flashlight. I approach one of the desks. Gulping, I leaned forward.

I gasped and fell backwards as a colony of rats fled from the scene screeching.

"The hell." I mumbled pissed. Not seeing much else I exited the room.

I heard shuffling in the room across from me and shined a flashlight in to see Russia digging around fallen debris. He seemed to be searching for something.

Ignoring him, I walked into another room. Also empty but just as I was about to leave, something caught my eye. There in the corner

was a leather journal, almost hidden away but not quite.

Sneaking a glance to make sure Russia wasn't behind me, I grabbed the journal stuffing it inside my shirt. Hopefully the darkness would allow me to hide it as well.

I walked to a third room trying desperately to not lose hope. Another door but this one was open. I peeked inside and waved my flashlight around. The room was completely bare. There was not a single thing inside.

Suddenly I heard a small groan. My flashlight wipped to the other side and there, in the corner, lay America.

"AMERICA!" I hollered as relief flooded through me. I ran to his side looking around unsure of what to do.

The country opened his eyes and looked at me, milky white holes staring into my (E/C) iris.

"(Y/N)...." he whispered.

"Shh. Don't talk. Save your energy." I said sliding my hand towards his.

Immediately he pulled away trying to scoot away. He groaned only hurting himself further.

"America... s...stop! You're only hurting yourself more."

I moved closer to him but he only hissed back.

"D...don't touch me! D...don't... please." He said once again flinching away.

"Ame....?" I asked worried.

"Why'd you leave... why'd you leave me here by myself. I heard you call for me... but I couldn't respond. And then... silence... I... I thought you left..." America whispered between sobs.

"N...no! I won't ever leave you! I had to get help! I didn't know how

to reach you." I said startled. I heard footsteps and Russia appeared in the doorway with a horrified look.

"Америке!" He gasped before sprinting over. Russia kneeled down and inspected America. I scooted back still surprised. America was mad at me. Or at least pissed. I didn't blame him but something inside me shattered to see him turn me away.

"He's injured pretty bad. I will carry him back to my house. Can you lead the way?" Russia asked me.

Snapping out of my thoughts, I nodded. Russia picked America up gently carrying him bridal style.

With one last look at the fallen country, pun not intended, I shined the flashlight forward and lead the way out of the base.

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Hey guys! Ok so as you can tell this isn't the vote that won and I promise I have a reason for that. It's all on me and it won't happen again. If you don't really care about it then cool. But for those of you who are wondering what happened I'll be posting a chapter in my other work "*Random Stuff Bois*" titled **[Not My Fic Apology and Update]** with an explanation on what went wrong.

But hey! Thanks so much for reading once again and I hope you have a good day/night/3am!

~ Dorito

# Chapter 15 - Hurt

The way back to the cabin seemed surprisingly short. Not one of us said a single word as we left the bunker but there was nothing to say.

I hung behind Russia as we walked. The wind had started to pick up and I shivered as a chill went down my spine.

In front of me, America laid eyes closed in Russia's arm. I flinched remembering his reaction when I found him.

He had made it clear that he didn't want to see me.

I dropped my head looking down at myself for the first time. The jeans I wore were covered in dirt and so was my blue shirt. My ankle still hurt but the pain had decreased to a slow throb. I blinked realizing I was limping.

As if someone somewhere was looking out for me, we finally reached the cabin. I ran ahead and opened the door which I was surprised to see had been left unlocked. I stood to the side as Russia walked inside and set the unconscious American on the couch.

Making sure America would be comfortable, Russia turned towards me.

I gulped biting the top of my lip in anticipation. I was waiting for Russia to yell at me.

I looked up at him to see him just staring at me. An upset parent looking down at their 4 year old child.

Finally he spoke, "Go to your room and get cleaned up. I will come talk after I tend to Америка."

I nodded, scurrying away. I walked down the hall into my room.

Sighing, I pulled out the hidden book from under my clothes. Now that I could see, I realized it was a leather bound journal.

I grazed my hand over the cover feeling the cold leather outline. Deciding to look at it later, I slide the book under the bed and grabbed my bag heading to the bathroom.

The hot water of the shower felt like a touch of heaven. I enjoyed the moment but quickly finished excited to see what was written inside the journal.

I changed into gray jogging pants and a maroon shirt. Swiftly drying my hair with a towel, I walked into my room.

The first thing I noticed was the aroma of spice hanging in the air. My mouth watered as I spotted a bowl of soup laying on my bedside table. Russia must have brought it up while I showered.

Not wasting anytime, I leaped onto the bed and grabbed the bowl of soup, careful to not burn my hands. I placed it on the bed sheet and slowly dug in.

I didn't know what it was, but it was DELICIOUS. I drowned the dish ignoring the burning sensation it left in my mouth.

Upon finishing, I set the bowl aside my eyes heavy with sleep.

I'll just look at the journal tomorrow. I thought lazily to myself. Slowly, I slipped into the soft covers of my bed and closed my eyes.

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Russia grabbed a medkit from the bottom of his kitchen cabinet and carried it over to the country on his couch.

He couldn't understand why America had been on his land in the first place. It wasn't like they lived close by to each other either. Deciding it probably had to do with the human in the other room, Russia shook his head and knelt down next to the couch.

Russia slowly lifted the American taking off his green jacket. America groaned at the sudden movement. Flinching, Russia

lowered him back down and set the jacket aside.

Russia looked down at America's sleeping face. He looked strangely peaceful. Russia couldn't remember seeing him without his glasses. It was an oddity in itself.

Grabbing some bandages and alcohol out of the kit, Russia got to work on the open wounds on the smaller country's body.

He cleaned up the golden blood, wrapping the country's arm tightly but gently making sure to not injure him further.

Mostly, the country was covered in bruises but Russia could tell broken bones when he saw them. He wrapped those areas carefully making sure to hold the area still so that they could heal properly. He knew America would probably be out for a week or two but at least he would heal quickly.

Russia leaned down to grab another bandage and jumped coming face to face with America when he turned back. The American's eyes were still closed and Russia was glad that he couldn't see his flustered face.

Quickly finishing up, Russia cleaned up the supplies around him and stood up. He put away the things and washed the few specks of golden blood off his hands.

Drying his hands, Russia started walking down the hall to (Y/N)'s room. He slowly opened the door to see the kid fast asleep on their bed. He walked inside collecting the empty bowl. Strangely, he felt glad the kid had enjoyed his dish.

Shaking away the thought, Russia left the room. As he walked back to the kitchen to put the bowl in the sink, Russia heard a whisper.

He looked up to see America slowly moving on the couch. Eyes widening, Russia ran over.

He looked down at the country who gazed back at him.

"Russia?" America whispered. "Where am I?"

Russia crossed his hands. "Мои дом," he said.

"Huh." America said looking around.

Suddenly, the country cried out as he tried to sit up.

Russia bit his tongue and reached out to help America sit up.

"How are you feeling?" He asked steadying the country.

"Dizzy. You have a nice house." America said looking around.

Russia didn't respond unsure of what to say.

"What happened?" America said looking down at his bandaged self.

"You fell into my bunker."

America's eyes gleamed. "So it's true! You really do have secrets."

Russia rolled his eyes sitting down on the floor in front of the couch. "They're secrets for a reason. You're lucky you only ended up with bruises and a couple of broken bones." Russia said as a matter of fact.

America huffed. "How could it be worse?"

Russia blinked. "Do you really want me to answer that?"

America thought about it. "Guess not... hey wait a second. WHERE ARE MY GLASSES?!" America began to panic. He attempted to lift his hand to shield his face but only succeeded in inflicting pain upon himself.

"Ame you're hurting yourself." Russia said frowning. He dug into his pocket and pulled out a pair of broken sunglasses. He held it out for America.

America stared at it in horror. "F***." He whispered to himself as he grabbed it with his good hand.

He inspected it sadly and turned back towards Russia.

"That was my favorite pair too." He said placing it to the side. "Also hold on did you call me Ame?"

Russia blushed, his face turning a light red. "Your name is too long. It's easier to say Ame." He coughed out.

If you call me Ame, can I call you Ruski?" America said, a gleam in his eyes. Russia choked on air but slowly nodded.

America gave a small chuckle smiling sweetly at the country below him. He didn't talk to Russia much. Mostly because he was terrified of the taller country. But now seeing Russia completely thrown off and red in the face, America couldn't help but feel a strange touch of affection.

The two sat in silence not making eye contact.

Finally America spoke. "Thanks, by the way. I gotta ask though. Did you wrap this bandage around my chest."

Russia pulled up knees up to him face blushing even harder.

"It wasn't by choice..." he croaked.

America wiggled his eyebrows at Russia. "Did you like what you see."

Russia suddenly stood up the rest of his face as red as the stripe on this flag. "I'm leaving." He said turning around.

"No don't leave me!" America whined suddenly feeling a deep feeling of dread. "Please..." he whispered, his voice breaking as flashbacks of the bunker came back.

Russia stopped in his tracks hearing the small frightened voice. He sighed turning around and grabbing a book from the table. He sat down in a chair sideways from America trying to make eye contact.

Immediately, America's face light up. He started trying to lean towards Russia to look at what the other was reading.

Russia clenched his teeth as a string of "ouch" and "ows" echoed in

front of him.

"Will you please quit it?!" He snapped looking up at the American who gleamed back innocently.

"Aw, it's not my fault your being boring. What are you reading?" America asked.

"It's in Russian. You wouldn't understand." Russia said rolling his eyes.

America huffed.

"Why are you acting like such a child?" Russia asked sighing.

America went silent. He looked away. "Oh. Sorry. It's just... natural... sorry." He said again looking away.

They sat quietly and Russia found that every second of silence was more bothersome than America talking to him. He felt guilt creep up from behind him and suddenly, Russia snapped the book closed, making the other jump.

"Rus?"

Russia stood up, walked over to America and gently sat down next to him.

"Ни слова." Russia hissed.

America smiled nodding slowly. Russia went back to his book feeling his face heat up at the other slowly inched towards him.

Russia didn't react as America sat so close that they were practically touching.

He didn't say anything as America leaned over his shoulder to see what he was reading.

And he didn't move as he felt the other's head lean gently on his shoulder.

Somehow, although it all felt strange, Russia smiled ever so slightly looking down at America's closed eyes as he slept snoring ever so softly.

•~~~•

Hey guys! Please don't be mad that (Y/N) just kinda passed out. I wanted to make a special kinda chapter with a bit of Rusame. Plus I didn't really know what to do after all the stuff that just went down.

Forgive me M o t h E r

As always, thanks for reading and I hope you have a good day/
night/3am!!!

~ Dorito

Chapter 16 - Marbled Floors

"You WHAT?!"

I flinched as Germany slammed his hands on the table glaring at me in the face. Russia had taken me back to the office the next day as he wanted me out of his hair. America was still at his house but had been sleeping when I passed him on the couch. Russia had said that he would take care of him for a couple of days until they could move him back to his house safely. A groan from Germany brought my attention back.

"I... I didn't mean too... I was j...just..." I began.

"Were just what?! Inviting one of the most chatty, social countries into my plan?! Do you understand what could have happened if that American found out what I was up too?! I would have been RUINED!" Germany hollered. He grabbed a journal off his desk and started scribbling in it furiously.

"But... I didn't tell him...." I whispered slightly terrified.

"Well he would have found out either way. We're lucky he fell when he did. If you had found an actual entrance, who knows how much he would have explored. Probably for the best." Germany scoffed placing some papers into a file folder.

I clicked my tongue annoyed and slightly agitated. "Don't talk about America like that..." I said softly.

Germany snapped his head towards mine. "Don't tell me what I can do and what I can't! If I want to talk shit about that American I will at my own leisure." I felt myself heat up.

"Ok Germany. I don't think you know this but America fell from a pretty big height! He's completely hurt and can't even move!" I hissed clenching my fists.

Germany turned towards me and blinked. "Well sucks to be him doesn't it?"

I opened my mouth to retaliate but closed it realizing it would have no effect whatsoever on the country. I was honestly pretty pissed. All the fics I read showed Germany as this smart, helpful and incredibly caring guy. But I guess in real life he was just a bi***.

I watched, mouth closed, as Germany shuffled around his office muttering things to himself in anger. I almost didn't want to tell him about the journal but perhaps it would have helped him calm down.

The journal was in my backpack which I had brought along. Being one of my only possessions in this world, I brought my backpack everywhere with me. It felt nice to have at least one belonging in a world where I didn't belong.

I swung my backpack over my shoulder and dug into it until my fingers rested on cold leather. Swiftly pulling the journal out, I walked over to Germany's desk and slammed it down making the country jump.

"What the he—" Germany spun around angered but stopped mid sentence seeing the journal on the table.

"Wh... What's this?" He asked walking over. He adjusted his glasses and reached for the book. I crossed my arms as he started to flip through its pages.

Germany's eyes widened and widened as he processed the information. I myself had not yet had the chance to check what the journal contained as we had left the cabin pretty much as soon as I woke up.

Germany slowly closed the journal setting it down gently.

"Where did you get this?" He asked softly a sparkle in his eye.

I rolled my eyes shrugging. "The bunker."

Germany smiled nodding slowly. "It seems if I was too hard to you. My sincerest apologies (Y/N). I should not have raised my voice."

I raised a brow as he continued.

"It seems as if you have found Carileth's diary. It's absolutely filled with notes about our world and more importantly. About the experiment." Germany grinned.

"In any case, excellent work. This is exactly what I needed. I'm quite impressed you were able to sneak it past Russia as well. Quite the challenge."

I gave a small acknowledging grunt. If it was such a challenge getting past Russi, I wanted to know how he had left the note in the cabin. However, I didn't bother to ask.

"So what now?" I asked unfolding my arms and starting to play with my fingers.

Germany sat down in his chair and eyed me curiously.

"Impatient creatures aren't you."

"Excuse me?"

"Nonetheless, I guess it's a valid question. I need some time to read and analyze the notes. Feel free to uh. Wander? Sure. Russia's probably going to be looking for you anyway." Germany waved me off towards the door.

I walked over turning the handle, eager to be let out.

"Ah yes, and don't bother coming back here. I'll send further instructions when I see necessary." Germany called after me as I shut the door.

I sighed, happy to be out of there. Honestly, I couldn't remember why I was helping that country. He was such a brat. I shook my head turning around to the hallway.

This was only my second time here yet it felt as if I already knew the location of various areas. Unsure of what else I could do on this floor, I headed to the elevator.

I stepped inside as soon as it opened. Luckily, the elevator was void of any others and so I had the entire choice of floors to myself. From what Delaware had told me on our tour, the building was one of the biggest in the city having a total of 75 floors.

Shrugging, I clicked the number 69. It sure looked promising. The elevator hummed as it began to ascend to the floor. Having no stops, it wasn't long until I reached.

The doors opened and I stepped out to a marble floored hallway. The walls were made of glass and wooden accents giving an overall modern feel.

I started walking around and noticed an office. I walked up to the door looking at the name plate outside.

I choked reading "The United States of America".

I wouldn't have expected anything else. Laughing, I left starting to look around again. Suddenly, I heard footsteps. I jumped behind a conveniently placed potted plant and waited.

The footsteps got louder and louder as a red and white country rounded the corner. A smile tugged at my lips. The country was none other than the famous Japan.

However, this version of them was different. For starters, they were (I assumed) male and not a neko like so many people had expected. Can't say I wasn't disappointed.

He wore a pastel purple button down shirt and gray dress pants. His dress shoes were black and looked recently polished. Getting a glance at his face, I saw that, unlike the other countries, his eyes had black pupils. Most others just has milky white holes. They had taken me a bit to get used to but now seemed completely normal.

Actually, now that I think about it, Russia was also one of the stranger countries I had met. He had a small tuft of hair poking out from under his ushanka. As far as I knew, none of the other countries had hair. I wondered if there was a reason for their different appearances.

In silence, I watched as Japan stopped to peek around the corner. He seemed to be quite on edge. I began to follow him at a distance.

Japan sneaked down the hallway and stopped at America's office before slipping a piece of paper under the door. Looking both ways he began to shuffle away.

I blinked slightly confused yet curious about what the note said. At the same time, I was quite interested in this world's Japan and how they differed from the fanfics.

Japan was scurrying away quickly. I had to make a decision right now.

Please read the bold text.

•~•~•

Decision Time

Will you...

1. Ignore the note and go after Japan. Honestly it's probably not that important. Plus I want to meet this world's Japan!

Or

2. Let Japan leave and then try to get into America's office to read the note. I'm probably gonna stay over at Japan's place eventually and can just meet them then. But I'll never get another opportunity to read this note!!!

Remember that your decisions have consequences .

•~•~•

Hey guys! Happy Holidays! As you can see, this is a decision chapter meaning the next part will take twice as long to come out so I can get a clear idea about the vote.

Thanks for reading and I will see you guys next year in 2020!!!
Have a wonderful day/night/3am!

~ Dori

Chapter 17 - Save Him

I eyed the paper underneath the door quizzingly. As much as I knew I shouldn't be meddling in other people's business, I couldn't help but be curious at the note's words.

Of course, the office door was locked. I looked at the opening underneath the door wondering if I would be able to reach the note. It didn't look too far away and hopefully with my long fingers I would be able to at least slide it out.

Guessing it was worth a shot, I leaned down and stuck my fingers through the bottom of the door wiggling them in hopes of grabbing something. However, all I could feel was the cold tile floor.

I was just about to give up when the tops of my fingers fell onto the papery edge of the note. Stressing, I slowly scooted the paper towards my hands and finally pulled it out from underneath the door.

Success!

Before I opened it, I looked around. No one was there but perhaps it would have been a smarter idea to open it in private in case any country was to walk in on me.

Shoving the note in my pocket, I headed to the restroom. Luckily, it was just as empty as the hallway. Smiling, I headed towards one of the stalls but then froze seeing my reflection in the mirror.

Slowly, I walked towards the sink looking at myself. I had changed into a white hoodie and black jeans. But that was probably the only normal thing about me. My (H/C) hair was a jumbled mess and my eyes were even slightly red. I looked like I hadn't properly slept in

days.

Deciding that I didn't really wanna see myself at the moment, I walked to the biggest stall, closed the door, and sat down on the toilet after putting the head down.

Slowly, I took the note out of my pocket and unfolded it. My eyes widened at the sight. The writing was fast and messy. It looked like a bunch of scribbles that were just clean enough to make out letters. But it wasn't messy as in the writing of a 3 year old. It was messy as all the letters were bunched up against each other. Some of the letters clenched on to others as if it were some sort of broken cursive.

What was even worse was the stains. There were water droplet stains all over the paper. Some of the ink had smudged and dissolved in them. And judging by the slight wetness, they were fresh.

Had Japan been crying? I thought to myself. Hands slightly trembling, I began to read.

~~~

America,

I have made a gravem istake. I'm so sorry. I should have toldyo u sooner. I should have told UN sooner ore ven just anybody. America I put our world in danger. We mightbe on the brin k of being discovered. I can't do this anymore. I can't I can't Icant't. I'm telling you this now because you're a dear friend to me. Youalways know w hat to do in these situations. So here it is.

I may have leaked our world to the humans. I want to te ll you how but I can't. It's so embarrassing. I'm so sorry America. There's a reason some of th emcan see us.

Please America,  
comeb y my house. I'll explain everything. I can't tell UN. Or anyone. They'll ki ll me America. Ple ase. Help me. I'm so sorry. I put this world in dang er. I put you in danger.

I'm so sorry. Please see me. If you don't, I understand. I deserve this. Maybe I should end this myself before it gets out of hand. Please understand what I have to do it for everyone's own good. It'll keep this world safe.

I'm sorry. Please come see me if you have the time.

Japan

~~~~

I glanced down at the letter in my hand absolutely stunned. Japan...

Japan was gonna kill themselves.

I jumped up clenching the note in my hand and raced out the bathroom and down the hallway looking for where the country might have gone. I had to stop them. Whatever they had done probably wasn't worth risking their life.

And then it hit me. The note was for America. But America was passed out at Russia's house. No one would have known since America was here. That meant I was the only one who knew about this.

As I ran down the hallway I believed Japan had left through, I wondered if I should someone about what I had found. But who would I tell? And who would actually help?

Deciding that this job was for me and me alone to handle, I ran faster. After turning a few hallways I came to a dead end.

Well almost, there was an elevator. Nervously, I got in and pressed the button for the ground floor. I wasn't sure what I was looking for but a gut feeling told me I was going the right way.

Finally, the door opened and I stared out into the building's semi busy lobby. It was a little past lunchtime and most of the countries had left the area back to their personal work areas. However, a handful of people still remained.

I walked over to the reception desk to be greeted by a woman in a brown suit.

"Oh! Hi there (Y/N). Britain told me about you! I'm London."

I raised my eyebrow in curiosity about to ask a question but thought better of it. I had more important things on my mind at the moment.

"Oh h... hey! Nice to meet you. Say have you seen Japan here by any chance?" I rushed out.

"Yes I have! He just left the premises a couple of minutes ago. Why is there something you need from him?"

"Yes! I do!"

"Well then if you'd like, you could write a note to him and I can drop it off in his mailbox."

"NO!" I immediately screamed a little louder than I meant too. Some other countries turned their heads and gave me a curious glance. "S... sorry but Germany wanted me to deliver something to him personally. Do you perhaps know where he was going?"

London looked at me a little startled before replying back with a smirk. "Ah sorry of course! I believe he was heading to the park. He goes there most days."

I quickly thanked London and sped out the door not bothering to think about what the other countries were thinking about me. I had one goal and one goal only.

Save Japan. I rounded the corner of a few buildings following the hasty said directions London had given me. Finally just as a park came into view, a familiar country did too.

"Japan wait!" I called out running to catch up, The country turned around and gasped. He immediately turned and started to run away.

"No please Japan! Don't run away! I just want to talk!" I called out running after him.

"You... you stay away from me!" He yelled over his shoulder.

"Japan please!" I tried hollering back. He ran into the park and down the mostly empty trails.

"No! Go away (Y/N)!"

"JAPAN I WILL NOT LET YOU JUST THROW YOUR LIFE AWAY BECAUSE OF A MISTAKE. I WON'T LET YOU KILL YOURSELF!" I finally yelled stopping.

Japan suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned around his eyes watering.

"What..."

I slowly started to close the gap between ourselves taking slow steps towards the other.

"Japan please. I don't know what you're going through but please let me help."

I looked at his, dull, scared red eyes. Immediately I felt a rush of passion and I stepped forward and hugged him.

I stayed there and after a few seconds he hugged back.

I pulled away as Japan wipe his eyes with his sleeves.

"T...thank you (Y/N)... but... I'm not planning on committing suicide anytime soon..." He said awkwardly.

I froze.

Excuse me what the hell?

•~•

What is up my dudes! At this point I've decided yall basically have no morals. Fun Fact I actually hadn't planned for this option cause I was like ohhh they probably don't wanna mess with America's stuff and ruin their relationship with him but HERE WE ARE.

When will you learn?

WHEN WILL YOU LEARN?

tHat YoUr aCtIonS HaVe CoNseQuEnCes!!!!!!

Thanks for reading and I hope you have a great day/night/3am!

~ Dori

Chapter 18 - Fallen Tears

I stood there staring at the country in front of me. I could feel my face start to heat up with embarrassment. "Wait... then what..."

"Where on Earth did you get such such a outworldly thought?" Japan asked fixing his glasses which I noticed had tear stains on them.

I was at a loss for words. "But... you... the note..."

"What note?" Japan asked suddenly really nervous. I gulped realizing what I had just said. I had basically just confessed to my crime.

"I... I was on the 69th floor and was passing by some doors when I saw a piece of paper sticking out from underneath. Curiosity got the best of me and I picked it up wondering if someone had dropped it. I'm sorry Japan, I had no idea it was personal..."

Japan was silent for a moment and then sighed. "Well... I guess I should have hidden it better... but I could have sworn I slide it all the way through the door..." He said the last sentence under his breath. I pretended not to hear.

"But... are you alright? You seemed... scared." I said.

"Uh... well... I guess now that you've read it you won't leave me alone, huh?" I nodded as a response.

"Well then, let's go for a walk."

We started to walk side by side in the park. It was really serene. There were many different trees of all shapes, sizes, and types. The footpaths were laid with bushes of flowers and other colorful plants. We passed a lake with an amazing water fountain in the middle. All in all, it was wonderful.

"So... you're the reason I know what countryhumans are?" I started

slowly realizing that Japan wasn't speaking.

"Huh? Oh. OH yeah." He snapped out of his thoughts. "Well... it's kind of a long story and a little bit of an embarrassment..."

"Japan it can't be worse than what I just did." I said as a matter of fact. He smiled and continued. "A while back... I sort of had... had a knack for writing these... stories. About the other countries."

I immediately knew where this was going.

"I would write about different scenarios and different experiences I had with them. They each already had such differing personalities. It was hard not to use them as characters."

I gasped. "You wrote fanfic about the country's here?!"

Japan flailed his arms in my face trying to hush me. "Not so loud! I don't want anyone to know. Please!"

I gave him one of my best shit-eating grins. Sighing once again, he continued.

"One day, I was on Earth doing a normal check on my population. I don't know what I was thinking that day, I might have brought my... book by accident. But when I came back home, I realized I had lost it. I had left my... um journal."

"Fanfiction." I corrected.

"*Journal*," He glared, "back on Earth. And when I was eventually able to go back and look for it, it was already gone. Of course, I did the only thing I could. I checked online and low and behold. A Rusame fanfic."

I gasped once again. "YOU STARTED THE AMERICA AND RUSSIA SHIP?"

I got whacked in the back of my head.

"As I was saying, I found more... 'notes' about my work online. Luckily, it wasn't too popular then and I tried not to worry. But I

kept an eye on it. Slowly, the idea caught on and grew until there was an entire fanbase." He shuddered.

"Some of the stuff I read... oh gosh... why am I always so girly..." He shuddered again causing me to chuckle.

"But... how does all this connect to me?" I asked.

"I was getting there. A couple of years before the Carileth incident, I was out in my country once again when a small girl ran up to me. She was about 9 or 10 but I will never forget what she said that night. She had asked me if I was Japan. 'The Japan' from her stories."

"What did you do?" I asked eyes widened. I wasn't the only one who could see them.

"I ran, of course. Hopefully she forgot about the encounter. And then Carileth happened. And you know she could see us too. But you know what else? She already knew about us before she figured out we were real. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?" Japan asked stopping.

I stopped with him thinking.

"That means... people who know about you, people who've read fanfiction or just indulged in the countryhuman fandom... can see you?"

"Yes... and no." Japan said. "It's complicated. See, I did some research and I've come to the conclusion, as cheesy as it sounds, that only people who truly believe in us, can see us."

Somewhere inside of me, my younger self was screaming "I told you so. I knew they were real." I bite my lips.

"What were you planning to do about it?" I asked softly. Once again, Japan let out a long sigh.

"I was going to delete countryhumans from the human world. Every single trace of it, gone."

My eyes widened. "You can do that?!" I asked.

Japan shook his head. "No... but UN can." I raised a brow. I still hadn't met any of the organizations but they seemed to be the higher ups or the country's superiors.

"Wait but how?!" I asked. "That would be like deleting every trace of everything on the internet, brainwashing everyone who even HEARD the term countryhumans and destroying millions of pieces of artwork and fanfic!" I ranted panicking.

"Yes... and as much as it pains me... UN can do it. He is basically an angel." Japan said trying to keep it simple. I knew there was more to the organizations but I just accepted the fact that they were all powerful beings capable of amazing feats.

I looked down unsure of what to say. Japan noticed my uncertainty and gently touched my shoulder.

"What's wrong?" He asked softly.

"Oh... nothing, guess I'm just being a little emotional. Sorry you guys were my favorite characters growing up. Especially you, Japan. I always felt that without you the world just didn't feel... complete. I don't know... maybe I'm just ranting... it just seems so... sad." I whispered.

Japan didn't say anything waiting for me to go on.

"And it's just that, this world is so amazing. And I've read so many fics and seen so much stuff of people absolutely pouring their hearts and souls into this community..." I stopped as Japan rubbed my back.

"I understand. It's not an easy decision for me either. It's my world that I'm doing this to. I just can't risk it. I can't risk *this* world being found. (Y/N), we are literally forms of countries. Killing one of us is equal to taking down an entire government. We're all connected to our countries in the real world. It would be a threat to everyone if we were to find out. Who knows what lengths some people would go to hunt us." He said sadly.

I nodded. I knew he was right. But at the same time it felt so... wrong.

We continued to walk in silence and soon sat down on a bench watching as the sun began to set.

"You know, sometimes I wonder how the world would react if they did find out about us..." Japan said softly.

I was starting to lose my mind. I suddenly hugged Japan.

"J... Japan please d... don't..." I sobbed out. "I don't want to forget you guys... p... please... don't make me forget." I cried harder as he hugged me back pulling me into his chest.

"I... I'll see what I can do..." He said softly. We sat there for a bit, tears streaming out my eyes not stopping. I buried my face into his pastel shirt. He didn't seem to mind and just let me cry.

As all things come to an end, I had to get up. I knew Russia would be looking for me back at the office and I wanted to check on America again. Maybe he would be in the mood to talk?

Japan offered to walk me back and I nodded suddenly noticing the starry night sky. We walked in silence out of the park. Japan held on of my hands tightly and protectively. I felt like a child but for once, I accepted it. His hands were warm and felt safe. I smiled as we reached the building and walked inside.

I was surprised to see Russia, Germany and Britain all waiting in the lobby looking quite troubled. Upon seeing me, all three of them jumped up.

I noticed Russia let out a sigh of relief while Germany seemed to drop the tension in his shoulders. Britain quickly walked over.

"Thank goodness you're alright (Y/N)! You gave us all quite a scare when London told us you had just run out the door!" He said looking me over. I heard Russia murmur something under his breath. I looked back at Britain a little astonished seeing his concerned face. Since when did Britain care about me?

"Well, as you can see, they were fine. They were with me at the park," Japan said looking over at the others.

Russia gave him an acknowledging nod but Germany didn't say anything.

"Well that's good to hear. Anyways (Y/N), we decided that you'll be staying with Germany for tonight and tomorrow. Russia was just telling me about an incident America seemed to have gotten into." I looked over at Russia seeing a warning glare being shot back. I guess he hadn't told Britain the entire truth.

"And since he already has enough on his hands, taking care of America, Germany offered to take care of you for the time being." Britain explained.

I gulped watching Germany walk up. "Yes and I do believe you are ready to leave?" He questioned raising a brow. I nodded unhappily. "Good! Very good! Then we're leaving now." He said already starting to walk towards the door before he was stopped by an arm grabbing his and pulling him back.

"I know what you're up to, Germany. Don't you dare touch a single hair on my child or I will harvest your toes and feed them to the pigeons in the park. Got it?!" Japan growled at Germany towering over him their faces mere inches away. I saw a drop of sweat go down Germany's face as he stuttered out a response.

"O... of course... J... Japan." He said pushing the other country away. I turned around to look at Britain and Russia and saw that they weren't paying attention and were making small talk as if this was a normal occurrence.

A little startled myself, I stuttered out a half hearted goodbye and followed Germany out the door. Japan gave me a warm smile and waved excitedly as I left.

As we walked down the street, I stayed a few steps behind Germany. I watched as he took off his glasses and started cleaning them with a small rag from his shirt pocket.

"(Y/N), you don't have to walk so far behind. I have no intentions of hurting you."

Awkwardly, I walked a little faster catching up to him but still walked a step behind. He seemed to have noticed but said no such thing.

"I believe I owe you an apology... I do tend to get worked up sometimes."

Why did I feel deja vu all of a sudden?

"It's... okay... I know being a country can be... stressful." I said remembering his history. He didn't respond as we walked.

"What about you?" He suddenly asked not looking in my direction. "Do you miss your family?"

I blinked realizing I hadn't remembered my family at all the time I was here.

"M...my family! They must be so worried!" I said panicking, "Oh my gosh, mom and dad are going to kill me!" I said putting a hand on my head. Germany chuckled.

"I wouldn't worry too much. If I'm not wrong, they believe you're on a school internship trip in Washington D.C. You should be fine."

My mouth fell open. "You mean this entire time... time there has also been running?" I asked.

Germany turned around and gave me an inspecting look. "Well... yes. Time is the only infinite thing in this world. You don't mess with the properties of time."

I nodded slowly.

We continued to walk in silence and soon I realized that we had walked out of the city and were walking down an empty road that seemed to lead to almost nowhere. I knew better than to ask questions but once again Germany seemed to know just what I was thinking.

"You will see when we get there." He said softly.

We continued to walk straight and soon the road came to an end. I stopped but Germany kept walking forward into what looked like was thigh length grass. Confused, I followed him watching my every step.

I was so busy looking down that I didn't notice that he had stopped walking. I pummeled right into him.

I jumped back waiting to get yelled at but nothing came.

Confused, I looked up to see Germany staring forward, his hands behind his back. Hesitating, I inched forward until I was right next to him. I looked at his face and slowly followed his gaze to what he was looking at.

Inhaling sharply, I stared at the sight in awe.

~~~

Hey guys! Let me know in the comments what you think you're looking at! I do love reading everything you guys say but honestly am so shy to respond back.

Kinda a long chapter. Hopefully it makes up for the sorta late update. YALL MY FIC HAS HIT #1 in COUNTRYXREADER THANK YOU SO SO SO MUCH! I really love that you guys enjoy reading my book as much as I enjoy writing them!

Anyways guys, thanks for reading! And like always, I hope you have a good day/night/3 am.

~ Dori

# Chapter 19 - Twinkling Stars

I stared at the endless void in front of my eyes. The black sky was lit up with thousands and thousands of colorful stars. I began to walk forward mesmerized by their beauty when I was pulled back by my backpack.

I gave Germany a questioning look and he nodded looking down. I jumped back realizing that we were standing on the edge of a cliff that seemed to melt into the beautiful starry night.

"What... what is this place?" I asked softly. I turned to Germany to see him close his eyes and give a slight smile. An actual genuine, not a 'I will kill you in your sleep', smile.

"This... is the edge of our world." He whispered.

I looked looked back at the stars and slowly slid down to a criss cross position on the floor. I heard footsteps walked towards me and watched out the corner of my eyes as Germany sat down beside me not making eye contact.

"You might have realized by now that we don't live in your reach of time and space. If we did, well then, you would have heard of us already." He spoke. I didn't answer but I continued to listen.

"We live in what I like to call a pocket dimension. It's basically a hidden space of well, space. And our world... it's not round like yours. No. It's a simple flat plane." He concluded.

I nodded staring at the twinkling stars.

"So it's like Asgard..." I said quietly.

"Sorry?"

"You know Asgard. Like from Thor?" I said looking at him.

Germany gave me a confused look that slowly melted into one of more understanding. "Ah. You speak of Norse mythology, yes? I can't say I'm unfamiliar with it; it has, after all, been quite spread in northern Germany."

"Yeah! You know how Asgard kinda melts into the void? And the only way out is through the bifrost?"

Germany gave me a confused look. "I... don't think I've heard this version..."

I frowned. "Have you never seen Thor?"

"I... don't believe he's a materialistic figure..." Germany coughed awkwardly. I rolled my eyes.

"No like the movie." I said.

"There's a movie?" Germany perked up. I laughed.

"Yeah! They made a movie on Thor. My dude, when we get the time I'm going to introduce you to the entire Marvel cinematic universe. And if you don't like that... then maybe we can check out some DC superheroes!" I grinned.

Germany stared at me with an unreadable look before looking away. I suddenly realized what I had just said and bite my tongue looking down. Germany wasn't really the country to appreciate enthusiasm I guess...

We sat in silence watching the sky. My eyes widened as a shooting star crossed the sky. I gave a sad smile. I wasn't a very superstitious person but still I made a wish.

I looked over at Germany and noticed that he was sitting in silence, almost unmoving with his eyes fixed to the sky. After a while, I

decided to speak up again.

"Why are we here?" I asked softly. I waited patiently for a response but turned away when I didn't get one.

"I... I wanted to visit this place one last time..." Germany finally spoke.

I swung my head to face him in surprise. "What do you mean, *one last time*?" I asked harshly.

"I don't know how the experiment will turn out. If I end up...", he stopped searching for words, "losing my life then at least I want to enjoy my last few moments here."

My mouth fell open gaping at his statement. I abruptly grabbed Germany's shoulders and turned him to face me.

"Germany listen up, you aren't going to die. I won't let that happen. Even if you are an asshole, no one deserves to die. And if that means not helping you with your experiment then so be it. But I will absolutely not. Ever. Let you die."

Germany's face of surprise slowly turned into a scowl. He shoved my hands away and stood up turning away from me.

"What I do with my life is none of your concern. You already told me you would help me with my project. Don't try to go back on those words or it will not end well for you." Germany growled.

I sat there dumbfounded. Part of me wanted to stay silent and just go along with it and then the other part wanted to kick him in the nuts. I really wish I had the guts to do the latter.

"We're done here. Let's go." He said starting to walk away.

I looked back at the stars. They still twinkled brightly as if saying goodbye. Giving a sad smile, I stood up and followed Germany.

We walked out of the town, which surprisingly didn't take too long saying that we were already at its edge. I watched in silence as the scenery around us changed. As we approached Germany's house, I

took note of the neatly kept lawn. Everything around his place was perfect... not a single leaf or branch was out of place.

His house meanwhile, was a dull gray with windows that had drapes pulled over them. All the lights were off and honestly, it looked like something out of a dystopian movie.

I sighed wondering how my night would be spent as I followed Germany in thought the door and into his house.

The inside wasn't any better.

Germany flicked on the lights and I looked around noticing how... bare, the place looked. The color scheme was a similar gray to the outside. There were a couple of vases and picture frames here and there but the vases were all empty and the frames held no photos. I shivered as Germany continued walking towards the stairs. I followed him without a word trying to stay close but also not too close.

Instead of going up the stairs, Germany walked to the side where a door connected to the staircase. He opened it and headed inside. I stood outside waiting when suddenly a beeping noise filled the air. I peeked through the door and noticed Germany typing away on a hidden keypad on the side.

With the last beep, the ground began to shake and a door in the wall opened up revealing an elevator. Germany turned around and gestured the room with his hand.

I gulped entering the elevator with Germany following behind. He pressed the single button that was there and the elevator started to hum as we began our descent.

I had so many questions. Why was there a hidden elevator in Germany's house? Why was I going along with all this? What were we gonna have for breakfast?

I gulped sweat starting to drip down my forehead. Germany, if he had noticed, pretended not to care. I clenched my teeth thinking about his apologies. When was it going to go through my head that

I was in danger? That everything he was telling me was probably a lie.

My vision started to blur as my mind spun with panicked thoughts. I leaned against the wall for support as a painful sensation began to fill my head. I blinked taking rapid gasps of breath.

Slowly the pain faded just as a ring was heard and the doors opened. Germany stepped out walking forward as if he hadn't noticed anything. A familiar acid burned at my throat but I gulped trying to contain it.

Instead I took the time to look around. I'm not sure what I had been expecting but a lab was not one of them. Ok I'm joking I totally expected a lab but this was beyond what I had imagined. The walls were covered in monitors, several giant liquid filled containers sat at the edge, and tables filled the area with all sorts of strange tech and experiments. In the middle of it all, there was a machine with two clear cylinders. They were connected to each other with multiple wires.

Once again, I felt acid start to creep up my throat and gulped it down shaking my head. I wasn't going to throw up. Not here, not right now.

I watched Germany as he walked over to what seemed like a giant control panel and started to type away pulling up multiple pages of text on the different screens.

I walked towards him passing the various knick-knacks on the table. One of them especially got my attention. It was the journal that I had stolen, no, *taken*, from Russia's bunker.

I wondered what mysteries the other countries were hiding.

I walked over to the journal and looked at the open page. The writing was neat and it was fairly easy to read. Now to understand what was written was a whole other challenge. From the quick glance I did, it seemed to be something about the "human variable" that Germany had been talking about earlier.

"I see you found the journal... again."

I jumped looking over to see Germany staring right at me, arms crossed.

"Oh... yeah... I was just... looking..." I trailed off scratching the back of my neck.

Germany nodded slowly.

"Good of you not to touch anything. Now let me explain to you how this works." Germany said walking over. He walked to the cylindrical tubes in the middle and pointed to one.

"This is where the magic happens. Where I am hoping my brother will.... Materialize." He said carefully. I nodded frowning.

"And over here," Germany said walking to the keyboards he had been typing on, "is the control panel. This is where you will be helping from."

"Not to be a bother but uh, what exactly am I supposed to be doing here?"

Germany smiled pushing his glasses back onto his face. "Ah of course." He walked to the side of the panel and flicked open a black cover. I walked over to see that there was a hand scanner underneath.

"I...I don't understand." I said blinking.

Germany crossed his arms again. "It's simple really, this is where you come in. You see, all us countries wouldn't exist without the humans who made us. We're all created through the claiming of land and by the creation of new empires that humans so foolishly gather around. We're an idea. A materialized idea. And all it takes for one of us to be created is if humans truly *want* us made. And since you're already helping me, I should hope that the thought of just wanting my brother back should be enough to actually create him."

I blinked at Germany thoroughly confused. He sighed.

"See this panel? Put your hand on it and think about East." Germany shrugged past me to the clear cylinders and, to my surprise, opened one and stepped inside.

However he didn't shut the door. He was simply expecting the area.

I turned back towards the panel and slowly placed my hand down on the pad. Almost immediately it lite up blue and a bar appeared on the screen directly in front of me. It pushed forward from 2% to 8% to 15%. And then it got stuck on 37%. I waited for it to move but it didn't happen.

Frustrated I turned towards Germany who was now inspecting the wires around the machine.

"Germany the bar won't move." I pouted. I knew I probably shouldn't be acting like a child but like, he was forcing me to do this so I could bother him a little bit.

Without even looking up, Germany answered. "Have you tried really thinking about what I'm trying to do? Like I said, you have to *want* my brother to come back and not just take this like a simple task that you want over with."

I sighed looking back at the screen. As I started to think about East Germany, memories of post World War Two began filling my head from history class. I thought about everything that happened. The Berlin wall. I wondered what it was like up here during it. Was there much bloodshed? How did wars work in the countryhuman world? How had Germany felt to be reunited with his brother only to watch him... disappear?...

I blinked at a soft melodic beep. I looked up to see that the bar had reached 100%. Slowly, I took my hand off the pad and turned around to see Germany standing behind me, his face illuminated by the blue light from the screen.

Standing there, he looked... scared. I wanted to say something but decided not to.

"Well looks like everything should be in order. Now, all you have to

do is press these buttons to activate the machine." He spoke pointing out various buttons.

I easily memorized the order and nodded.

"Once I'm inside, I won't be able to come back out due to the locking mechanism. Precisely why I need someone to man the controls on the outside. If something goes wrong, press that red button. Hopefully it shouldn't come to that." Germany continued taking a step back. He walked over to the container and I followed him.

I noticed his hands shake as he stepped inside and pulled the door closed. He nodded and I walked over to the panel. I looked up at the screens that displayed various empty graphs and charts and data collection resources.

Sighing, I looked back at Germany who gave nodded nervously.

Turning to the panel again, I started to press the buttons when suddenly I heard a shuffle from the far side of the room. Immediately, my eyes darted over to see a cardboard box fall to the floor from a stack.

I was about to turn back when I saw a shadow retract from the light.

We weren't alone.

Ignoring the protests I was getting from Germany, I walked over to the boxes and looked around when suddenly I spotted a boot sticking out from some boxes in the corner.

"Hey!" I said running towards them. Immediately, a figure jumped up throwing boxes in my path. He began to run towards the elevator.

Quickly jumping over the boxes, I ran at the figure hot on his trail. The figure tried to throw things at me from the tables but I easily ducked out the way advancing on them. Just as I was right behind them, I jumped slamming them to the floor.

They yelped, struggling against my grip. The country was smaller than me and wore an army like outfit. His hat lay a few feet away from us.

"Who are you and how did you find us?" I asked keeping the country's face to the floor. The lab didn't have many lights besides the TV screens and so I wasn't able to tell who they were.

"Get off me." A male voice demanded from under me.

"Not until you tell me who you are!" I said. The figure hissed back struggling to no avail.

"Fine!" He finally spat. "If I tell you who I am, will you let me go?"

"I'll definitely think about it." I said smirking.

The figure growled once again. "I'm..."

~~~

I f you haven't already, check out my new work Guns and Roses! It's a Rusame Fanfic that completely chucks history out the door cause we LOVE those :) I'll try to link it below but if for some reason the links aren't working... it's on my profile if you're still interested!

www.wattpad.com/story/212477542-guns-and-roses-rusame-countryhumans

Anyways, like always, thanks so much for reading and I hope you have a fantastical day/night/3 am! Also holy shizas this chapter was long O-O

Dang I'm always so formal with these endings. XD

~ Dori

Chapter 20 - Bullets

I sat quietly curled up against the glass cage which Germany had been in. The country who I had just assaulted was now sitting against the wall with his hands and legs tied up. His mouth had a gag on it and so he wasn't speaking.

Germany shrugged past me walking back and forth. After much yelling, he had gotten my attention asking me to let him out. After I found out the identity of the country that I had just attacked, I was more than happy to let him out.

North Korea was glaring daggers at the two of us. I shivered remembering a documentary I had watched one year in class about that country. It had been sickening and so disturbing. I don't know why I was so scared of the countryhuman though. If he had wanted to hurt me I was sure he would have done so by now.

I looked up at Germany who looked just as surprised as I felt. He was trying to decide what to do with North. It was obvious Germany didn't want him around during the experiment but I also knew he wouldn't be letting him go anywhere.

I pushed my feet up to my chest and sighed watching as the country mumbled to himself and walked over to the control panels. He stared at the bar on the screen with a strange longing.

Suddenly, he whipped around, marched over to North and removed his gag harshly.

North spat at him as the gag came off.

"About DAMN time." He said eyes burning with hatred.

"Shut up. How the hell did you get in here?" Germany asked towering over North.

"Like I'd tell." North chuckled. Germany clenched his teeth and quickly walked over to a table. He picked up an item and brought it to North pointing it at his head.

I gasped realizing it was a gun.

"Germany no!" I said jumping up. I wasn't sure how wars worked in this world but I knew I couldn't let him shoot the other country.

"Sit down (Y/N), this is none of your business." Germany growled eyeing me.

"Yeah (Y/N), why don't you be a good dog and sit down. Maybe later Germany will play fetch with you." North smirked.

"And you! Answer my question or I'll blow your brains out." Germany threatened, turning off the safety of the gun. I slowly sunk back down scared of what would happen. I looked over at North to see a drop of sweat go down his face.

"Germany you won't shoot me... you can't dare risk starting another war after that last one." North said somewhat confidently.

Germany simply pressed the gun deeper into North's head menacingly.

"Answer the question or I will pull the trigger." He said.

North tensed up and I saw Germany's fingers start to push down lightly on the trigger.

"FINE! I followed you here a couple nights ago cause I suspected you were up to something after you seemed so interested in what Carileth had left behind! It wasn't hard to figure out the passcode to your lab. The hardest part was finding the entrance but you basically led me to it. I came down a couple of hours ago cause I thought you would be working late. Guess I was wrong."

"But why do you care?!" I blurted out from where I was. North shot me a nasty look.

"Because the last time a certain country was resurrected, it didn't

end well for a lot of us. Especially not for my brother. And I'm going to assume whoever you're trying to bring back might also go on a rampage."

"East wouldn't do any such thing!" Germany growled.

"Yes but we didn't know Soviet would try to put a bullet through Britain's head now did we?" North scowled back sarcastically.

"That was a performance error. Carileth had no idea what type of powers she was dealing with!" Germany retorted back.

"And what, you do?"

"As a matter of fact, YES, I do know what I am doing, I've been analyzing the risk factors of this experiment for years! I was only missing one part of the puzzle and (Y/N) here was able to supply me with it!"

I bite my lip listening to the two of them argue. None of us noticed the soft beeping of the elevator on the wall.

"Germany what are you doing?!" All three of us tensed up looking over to where the elevator door was now open. Standing at its entrance were three countries, Poland, Japan and South Korea.

"North!" South shouted moving forward towards his brother.

"Don't move!" Germany yelled pointing the gun at South. Poland immediately got in front of the target to shield him.

"Germany stop! Put the gun down!"

"And why should I?! None of you are supposed to be here! How did you guys even get here?!" Germany hollered. There was a strange chaotic panic in his eyes.

I looked over at North who was smirking at something near where the boxes were. I followed his gaze to see a dull light escaping from behind one of the boxes. North Korea had contacted them. And he had been stalling, waiting for their arrival.

My eyes flicked back to the conversation where Poland was trying to calm Germany down.

"Germs..."

"DON'T CALL ME THAT."

"Sorry! Sorry... Germany... please, put down the gun. We can talk things out."

Germany didn't move his hands clearly shaking. Poland slowly took steps towards the country. I looked away immediately seeing Germany flinch. From behind Poland, Japan had sneaked away. I turned around looking for him furiously to finally see him behind me.

I opened my mouth to say something but he quickly put his fingers on his lips. He motioned for me to go to him.

Terrified of the situation, I sprinted over as quietly as I could only to be engulfed in a hug.

"(Y/N) are you alright? Did he hurt you?" Japan asked, not pulling away. I didn't respond but I stayed in his arms. I focused on my breathing which was slowing down. I hadn't even realized I was hyperventilating.

"Shh... it's alright. You're safe now." Japan ran his hand gently through my hair and rubbed circles on my back. It felt... nice.

"(Y/N) I need to go help Poland. Do you think you can handle being here by yourself for a minute? I'll be right here." Japan whispered softly.

I hummed a small yes regretfully pulling away from the hug.

"Good. Now stay here." Japan instructed. And as quick as a cat, he rushed back to Poland's side.

Poland was now almost in front of Germany's gun. He had his hands up as he softly spoke to Germany.

I looked over surprised to see tears streaking Germany's face as he struggled to keep the gun on Poland. Slowly, Poland reached Germany, lightly pushing his arm down. Germany didn't refuse and let Poland push down his hand with little resistance.

I looked over and noticed that South Korea was near the control panel seemingly trying to shut down the program. Japan quickly ran to him.

"What's going on?!" He asked.

"I can't figure out how to stop the application! It's nothing I've worked with before!" South said back his voice low. Japan walked next to him and started typing on the keyboard.

"Here let me see if I can shut it down."

Immediately at those words, Germany snapped out of whatever peaceful moment he was having with Poland and shot his gun at Japan and South Korea.

Both of them jumped out the way, the bullet missing them by mere inches. I covered my mouth with my hands scooting backwards towards the wall. I felt my heart beat speed up.

"NOBODY TOUCHES ONE DAMN THING ON THAT PANEL." Germany hollered.

Poland rushed over to help South who had jumped right into a table and hit the corner of his head.

"Germany please! Nothing good will come out of this! Don't go on with this plan of yours! Think of the consequences!"

Germany laughed. "Consequences?! I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT ALL OF THIS AND YOUR PETTY CONSEQUENCES FOR YEARS." He hollered. "And finally, after all this time of waiting and waiting, I figured out the missing element and now... I can finally see him again..." Germany finished softly.

Suddenly, he whipped his gaze towards me.

"You!"

"Y... yes!" I squeaked.

"Get back to the panel. We're doing this right here and now!" Germany barked. He pointed the gun directly at me.

I gasped, shrinking away in terror. Bad move.

"WHAT DID I SAY!" Germany hollered again. I scrambled to my feet rushing over to the panel.

"Germany! Don't do this! At least don't make (Y/N) do this with you!" Japan hollered from where he had fallen.

"Quiet!" Germany snapped turning his gaze back towards me.

"Germany... Are you sure you want to do this now... with so many countries watching?" I tried to reason.

"Absolutely! I've come this far. Nothing will ruin it for me! NOTHING!"

There was a sound of movement from Poland's direction and Germany immediately whipped around pointing his gun at him. Poland, who was trying to help South stand up, stopped what he was doing eyes widened.

Suddenly I noticed an absence from the room and looked down to where North Korea had been sitting. He was no longer there! In panic, I looked around to see a figure inching their way to the elevator like a caterpillar.

Germany must have noticed it too because he turned out and shot North without a second of hesitation. I covered my ears at the loud noise as I heard a shout of pain from the country. Behind me I heard a couple of protests.

Germany looked back at me. His eyes were glistening a deep blood red.

"Do you still remember what to press?" Germany asked softly. It was

scary how quickly he could manipulate his voice. I nodded frantically.

"Good. Do it." Germany said.

He slowly walked backwards towards the glass container pointing his gun at Poland, South, and Japan, who seemed to have injured himself as well when dodging the bullet.

I looked at the country's eyes. Most of their faces were pained and pitiful.

I turned around and looked at Germany who hadn't closed the door completely keeping it slightly open in case someone tried to lock in him. He made eye contact with me and nodded once.

I turned back to the panels and pressed the sequence of buttons stopping right before I pressed the last one. I looked up at Germany ignoring the others.

His face was streaked with tears, his eyes no longer a blood red but their normal white. He looked at me sadly and mouthed...

"Please"

Please read the bold text.

Decision Time

1. Push the Button

or

2. Don't Push the Button

QnA [Part 1]

Hey guys! Finally finished all the questions so without further ado, let's get started.

Btw there will be repeated questions in some comments and If I've already answered them then I won't acknowledge it.

ANYWAYS

FIRST QUESTION

[image]

[image]

[image]

Yeah basically. I got into the fandom by reading x country fics and was like huh. Let's change things up a bit. And so I smashed my head onto my keyboard, drank some coconut juice from Thailand, and threw up the ideas onto a google docs.

And so.

Comment 2 and more!!!

[image]

[image]

THEY ARE SUCH A COOL BADASS (excuse my language, sorry Cap') CHARACTER. I've seen them displayed in so so SO many ways. I love them.

Ah shiz I think Russia was outside my door and heard me. Wow now I'm embarrassed.

MaPhilIndo

[image]

Britain and the Bois

[image]

Backpack

[image]

Yes.

QUESTIONNNNN 33333

[image]

[image]

<3

QUESTION 4

[image]

[image]

[image]

Ok so, while I do PLAN on adding these characters Idk if it will happen cause I've already introduced so many characters and want to give them a chance to actually go somewhere with their character archs instead of just

Bam character

Ok thanks for appearing in this one chapter you're fired.

NEXT

Bam Character

....

Get what I kinda mean?

Love Triangle

[image]

Honestly to me this feels like a country WITH reader book instead of X reader. Idk. I wanted to have a concept where you guys could interact with the characters but not exactly fall in love. Cause love is a LONG process and it just felt off to me. Sorry guys. U can still love them if you want. Please don't hold them hostage though!

Seriously, I need my cast members. Don't kidnap them.

UK Question

[image]

-oop Ame Rus yall better run run.

Oh shiz I just saw a flash of color past my door.

OH SHIZ NOW THERES SCREAMING.

OMGOSH BRITAIN'S ATTACKING RUSSIA I GOTTA GO.

FrancexGermany???

[image]

<3

[image]

[image]

...sorry....

[image]

Me : AME NO

America : AME Y E S

Movies

[image]

Russia just glared at me for putting Ghost Protocol on that list. Spoilers for anyone who hasn't watched it but they blow up the Kremlin and Russia hated it. The movie was great though so like.

Ok so turns out there is a 20 pic limit to each chapter. Which is annoying but I guess this is gonna have to be two parts now. Not that it matters since it comes out at the same time so...

Just a minor annoyance.

QnA [Part 2]

and we're back. Now...
Where was I? Oh yes,

Questionnnnnn (I lost count 5 I think)

[image]

[image]

Poland's really sweet but now I feel like I should have asked
Switzerland to answer this.... :)

[image]

Italy! Be nice!

Questionnnnnnn 6!!!!

[image]

Male or Female

[image]

Since I've seen the countries portrayed in so so SO many ways, I
wanted a system in which they were all correct.

Belgium

[image]

He's pretty good. We all cool beans over here at the studio. Ah shiz
I think America hide my laptop again. GOD DA—

Japan

[image]

Hehe... he's been a neko before too lol.

Japan : THAT WAS FOR ONE DAY. I JUST WANTED TO SEE HOW IT FELT.

South Korea : Boi what you taking about, you were like that for months.

Japan : SHUT UP IT WAS A PHASE OK?

Me : Are we not gonna mention the fact that he secretly still turns neko mode when he's alone.

Japan : Wait... HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT.

War

[image]

Yeah that's for another time. The system is kinda complex and I'm trying to figure out a way to explain it as simply as possible but that would probably take a good chunk of a chapter so let's just leave that there...

WOWEE THATS ALL THE QUESTIONS.

Lol sorry If I skipped some or didn't answer your question. I might have accidentally skimmed it or something. But just because the QnA OFFICIAL chapter is done doesn't mean I won't still answer any questions you guys may have!

So yeah! I hope you enjoyed that little thing I scrapped together. I'm gonna go and get started on the next script so we can air in time.

Oh yeah!

The countries say Thanks for Reading and tuning into this little fanfic!

I also appreciate all the support and really just wanna say thanks!

Copper later in the next chapter!!! 🤗

I hope you have a great day/night/3 am.

Also that was a chemistry joke for anyone who was wondering or confused ;)

Chapter 21 - Reunion

"Please."

I stared at Germany. For that second it seemed as if there was no one else in the room. His eyes stared back at me, a desperation reflecting from them.

I clenched my teeth and slammed the button with unnecessary force.

Almost immediately, the screens all began to glow.

"Manifestation process started," came a computer voice.

My eyes darted to the cylindrical tube which had lightened up. Germany stumbled backwards as the glass started to cloud over. Germany's figure soon disappeared within the fog and suddenly the outline of his body began to glow a bright gold.

I heard various gasps from the side and looked over to see Japan's mouth wide open while Poland covered his with a hand. Even South's eyes were wide open.

"Extraction process complete. Starting creation program now." The computer voice said.

As if on cue, Germany's outline blinked out and we heard a small thud from where he had been. Meanwhile, the other tube had started to fill up with the same fog. I turned to the screen to see a yellow bar almost completely filled up. Turning back I noticed that the other countries hadn't moved.

They simply stayed where they were, wearing similar terrified looks, unsure of what was happening. Japan looked over to me and we made eye contact.

To my surprise, he gave me a soft sad smile and whispered something that looked vaguely like "it's alright".

Bless Japan and his ability to understand the shit I do. I looked at the screen unable to keep my eyes on the experiment. I didn't want to see what was going to happen to Germany and although the yellow bar moved slowly, it provided some sort of comfort.

I hoped what I did had been the correct choice. All Germany had wanted was to see his brother. And gosh darn it, who was I to stop him. Sure it was entirely possible that since East had been part of Germany that I had just created a split in the actual country back on Earth but hey.

They can't blame me for a crime they don't know I committed.

Right?

I gulped hoping everything was alright. Behind me, I heard footsteps run across the room. I flinched remembering that Germany had shot North Korea. Oh god what was I doing.

Maybe I was being overly anxious but what if I had just witnessed the start of World War 3? I gulped staring at the screen begging it to go faster. And then finally...

"Manifestation completed. All vitals steady." The computer voice said. I whipped my head towards the containers just in time to see the one Germany was in start to defog. The door automatically swung open more than it already was and a body fell out.

Me and Poland yelped in union sprinting over to Germany. Poland gently picked up his face and turned him over almost screaming at what he saw.

Germany's glasses were hanging loosely from his pale face. And by pale I mean the colors of his flag had quite literally lost all their color and had dulled to a gray. That itself would have been enough of a surprise when we noticed the faint cracks covering this face as well. They were almost unnoticeable but at a closer inspection clearly there.

"Niemcy!Twoja biedna twarz! Dlaczego miałbyś to robić samemu, idioto!" Poland sputtered out pulling Germany close to himself.

I bite my tongue unsure of what to say when I heard another glass door open followed by a pssshh.

I turned around eyes wide as another country exited the other tube. The smoke cleared and I gasped.

It was East. East Germany.

He looked like a mirror image of Germany except that his flag was bright and colorful with a crest in the middle. He was wearing a vest with a white dress shirt underneath, shorts and gleaming black dress shoes.

He looked thoroughly confused as to what was going around and stumbled a bit as he walked forward. East put a hand to his head groaning softly and closing his eyes. When he opened them he looked a lot less disoriented.

His eyes trailed around the room observing his surroundings until they landed on us.

"Brother!" East shouted upon seeing us holding the unconscious Germany. He sprinted over kneeling down. I immediately sank away scooting backwards happy to just watch.

Poland looked up at East with disbelief in his eyes.

"East Germany?" He asked in a whisper.

East looked up at him his eyes clouded with fear. "Yes! What happened to West?!" I frowned at his voice. It was an exact replica of Germany's except softer and kinder.

"I... don't know! He... he was trying to bring you back... and... and..." Poland broke off into a sob showing Germany's face to his brother. East gasped taking his brother from Poland.

"West... you stupid stupid country..." East whispered. He slowly brought his head down touching foreheads with his brother. Slowly... both brothers began to grow a light shade of gold and some of the cracks on Germany's face began to disappear as color began returning to his face.

Germany opened his eyes trying to focus on the person in front of him.

"E... east?!" He stuttered.

East laughed, happily pulling West into a hug.

"Yes brother! It is me!"

"I... can't believe it. It worked! East it's really you!" Germany said hugging his brother back. Tears began to form at his eyes. I looked over at Poland who was fidgeting with his fingers looking quite nervous. We made eye contact and he looked away.

I opened my mouth to say something but thought better of it. I heard a muffled cry from behind me and turned around to see that South Korea was also with his brother. He looked up at me mouthing for help. Just as I was about to rush over a hand on my shoulder stopped me and I looked up to see Japan.

He shook his head and went to help South leaving me where I was. Sighing, I turned back around to see Germany pull away from a long and emotional hug. At this point tears were streaming down his eyes.

"East! It is... so good to see you again! I've missed you... so so much. Everything has just been so lonely without you! I'm been so-"

"Brother..."

"Yes?!" Germany asked his eyes gleaming.

"Germany... I shouldn't be here." East whispered. Germany's face dropped.

"Wha... what do you mean?" He asked worried. East smiled gently putting his hand up and wiping the tears from Germany's eyes.

"I'm supposed to be dead... why did you bring me back brother?" East asked softly. Germany stared at him in disbelief.

"I... I..." Germany stumbled for words rubbing the back of his head.

He sighed, lowering his head. "I... was lonely... I needed someone to..."

"Oh brother!" East hugged him again. "Don't say that! You're never alone... all these people..." East pulled away pointing to Poland who was awkwardly avoiding eye contact and trying his hardest not to cry. He next pointed to me and then South and Japan who were taking care of North. "They all care about you. More people care about you than you think West." East said smiling.

"You just need to let them into your life. Stop chasing things you shouldn't be messing with and open your eyes West!" East said smiling.

Germany stared back. "But... you... what about you? Aren't you happy to be back?!"

East chuckled. "It really is nice to be able to talk to you again Germany. But my time passed a long time ago. You know very well that this is against the natural order. And I don't want to risk tearing our country... sorry... your country apart West."

"But... East... maybe that won't happen! Maybe you can be here safely without having an effect on the real world!" Germany tried to say furiously trying to stop the conversation from where it was headed.

East simply shook his head.

Germany placed his hands on the floor behind himself to stop himself from falling backwards. He looked completely lost.

East opened his mouth once again to speak but instead of words all that came out was a nasty trail of coughs.

Germany immediately jumped grabbing East's shoulders and stopping him from falling over.

"Are you alright East?!"

East looked down at his feet which had suddenly become slightly transparent. Germany noticed the same detail and yelped.

"East! No no no! Not again! I can't lose you a second time." Germany said. He attempted to stand up but immediately lost his balance half way up falling back down.

"Germany..." East whispered. He looked down. His feet were gone and now his legs were starting to fade.

I noticed that as East began to fade, his flag began to dull while Germany's began to brighten.

"No East! I won't lose you again! I... can't handle it... I can stop this! I just need to—," Germany rubbed his head trying to push himself up from where he had fallen when suddenly East grabbed him and pulled him so that their eyes met.

"Germany... I'm not leaving you. I never left you in the first place. Don't you understand brother? I'm a part of you."

"What...?" Germany asked whispering.

East simply smiled holding Germany's hand to his chest. Germany looked up at East a sudden understanding flooding his mind. East smiled watching Germany's eyes widen.

"I'm always with you West. And I always will be."

Germany looked down tears flowing out of his eyes once again. East pulled his brother close and rubbed circles on his back. He looked up at me as Germany sobbed quietly on his shoulders.

"Take care of him." East mouthed to me with a soft smile.

I looked around and pointed to myself a little surprised that he was talking to me. East chuckled nodding a yes. And just like that...

He was gone.

Germany stayed where he was, his brother now completely faded away. I watched Poland slowly walk up to him and kneel down next to him. Poland slowly put a hand on Germany's shoulder and to my surprise Germany simply turned towards him and started sobbing in his shirt.

Poland whispered some words in Germany's ears that I couldn't make out. Germany nodded as he closed his eyes.

Poland slowly lowered a passed out Germany to the ground and walked towards me, his face expression changing from a soft one to a stern one in mere seconds.

I cowered before the country who now stood in front of me.

"(Y/N)." He said thickly.

"Y... yes?!" I squeaked out. And just when I thought Poland was one of the nicest countries I had met, here he was scaring the living cells out of me.

"I don't understand what your motives were for helping Germany but if you made any deal with him I would forget about it." Poland said strictly.

"I... didn't make any deals with... Germany..." I stuttered out softly. I flinched as Poland moved his hand.

The country sighed kneeling down to face me.

"I should... also say thank you..."

"Huh?!" I inhaled utterly lost.

"For putting up with Germany... and for helping him realize that he isn't alone... After the second World War ended, Germany barely had any time for almost anything. He was always buried neck deep in work and recent tensions haven't made things any easier... And although it wasn't exactly the way I would have wanted to go about it... you still managed to get through to him but making the decision to bring back his brother..." Poland spoke quietly.

I nodded still scared about what was happening.

Poland turned towards Japan and South who looked up with grim faces.

"The good news is that he didn't affect anything on Earth. The bad

news is that Germs shot him through his chest. We have to get North to UN immediately." Japan said. South simply nodded along.

"Well with everything that just went down, UN should probably be on his way here at this very moment." Poland said. He snuck a glance at Germany.

"Let's hope it doesn't take too long." Japan said standing up. He walked over to me and sat down putting an arm around my shoulders and pulling me close to him.

"As for you (Y/N). You're quite the troublemaker you know that?" Japan said playfully. I smiled. I welcomed the feeling of safety that Japan brought with him and snuggled closer.

I felt my eyes start to droop when suddenly a light started to fill up the room. I looked up to see a figure emerge from the light and step into the room. My eyes widened sensing his heavenly aura. The union was glowing a bright white and had magnificent white wings that glistened and shined in a strange, indescribable way.

"UN! Thank heavens you're finally here!"

~~~~

Hey nerds! I'm back with another chapter. You know whenever I put up one of decision things it's usually

1. If they choose this one I know exactly what to do

Vs

2. Choose this one and I'll have to rewrite the entire script and now suddenly America's in a dress and you're colorblind because plot.

And then I find myself really really really hoping u guys go for the 2nd option in where you frick up my plot and I have to create a brand new one. And when I start making a new plot I get new ideas that are super cool and everyone would love but then

The 1st option wins and I cry cause my amazing newly create plot goes down the drain. But hey

You're the readers. And what you say is what I do. Also you guys are incredibly predictable sometimes. Try to mix it up.

Make me suffer and create a new plot.

Anyways. Thanks for reading! I hope you have a great day/night/3 am.

~ Dorito

## Chapter 22 - G...G... GHOSTS?!

I sat extremely still in the white chair resting my head on Japan's shoulders. He was so nice. He hadn't left my side ever since we left Germany's lab. Still tense from the whole experience, I let my eyes wander around the room.

We were in the lobby of an extremely fancy building. The walls were covered in bright maroon and gold patterns that had pillars scattered about. The entire room was circular and in the middle there was a reception desk. I looked down at the reflective floors whose shiny marble surface glistened back. It was quite different from the dusty lab I had been in earlier.

I must have flinched because Japan started rubbing circles on my back gently. I looked up at him to see him looking down with a soft smile.

"How are you feeling?"

"I'm doing better I guess..." I responded a bit tired. I'd read plenty of books and novels in which the main character comes across a gun or something of the sort and didn't even flinch when someone got shot. Sadly, I wasn't as brave as any one of those characters. I was absolutely terrified when I saw Germany pull out that gun.

I knew I would get over it eventually but the feeling of remembering every second that went by, sweat dripping, heart pounding, was enough to make me shiver in fear.

"That's good." Japan said.

We were sitting a little off to the side of the room in a lounge area. It was secluded and not many countries passed us.

We stayed there in silence and I started to close my eyes. My eyelids dropped and now I was just listening to the noises around me half asleep.

Japan's breathing.

Someone typing away on a laptop.

Footsteps.

The hum of the elevator.

Louder footsteps.

Quiet echoes of whispers down the hall.

Even louder footsteps.

I peeked my eyes open to see a familiar organization approach us.

Japan almost jolted up but stopped when he realized I was still on him.

"Please, stay seated Japan. There is no need to stand." UN said holding up a hand. He looked around and settled down on the couch in front of us, his wings tucked comfortably behind him. I still hadn't gotten used to that feature.

The entire glow of his body and his magic aura was honestly a bit much to take in.

He must have noticed me staring because he smiled. In the blink of an eye, the wings and glow were gone.

"How are you doing (Y/N)?" He asked gently. I honestly didn't know how to answer. Cause I was fine. But I was also very much not okay,

"A little shaken up I guess." I spoke softly. I almost thought he hadn't heard me until he spoke up.

"Yes... I'm terribly sorry for what you had to experience. Honestly, I

should have paid more attention in the first place when I heard a human had crossed over... again." UN looked down slightly distraught.

"No... no it's fine. I'm sure you're very busy... how's North Korea?" I blurted suddenly.

UN looked up with a tight frown. "Well, he's doing quite alright for the moment. He is a country so I expect him to be recovered fully in a week's time. We're just lucky nothing happened on Earth. I can't imagine what would happen if Germany went to war with him."

I gulped. *Probably World War 3.*

"Well sadly I can't say the same for Germany. It seems as if they're going through a slight recession back on Earth but everything will hopefully be fine."

I nodded along with his words not knowing what he meant half the time.

"So basically what you're saying is... if something happens to a countryhuman, it's sort of a reflection in the real world?"

UN tilted his head.

"Yes and no. There is more to it but perhaps that is for a later date. Right now anyways, I believe it's time we get you home don't you think?" He said smiling.

My eyes widened and I looked up at Japan who suddenly looked incredibly nervous. I remembered back to the note I had first met Japan with.

"Japan you should talk to him..." I whispered.

Japan looked down at me, his eyes widened and fearful.

"Japan you look a little pale, no pun intended. Are you doing alright?" UN said noticing the same thing.

Japan looked up at UN unsure of what to say. Slowly, I put a hand

on the country's shoulder and gave a reassuring nod. Japan looked down at me and sighed.

"Actually... I've needed to talk to you about something United. I knew you were busy and didn't want to disturb you..."

"Not at all Japan. If you'd like we could talk right now. I believe after everything that has happened, I can afford to miss out on some of my work and take care of my countries." UN said, smiling.

Japan's eyes brightened.

"Are you sure!?" He asked.

"Of course. Why don't we go to my office? (Y/N), you're welcome to explore the place. If you ever need anything just let anyone here know. I'm sure they would be more than happy to help!"

I nodded scooting off of Japan and letting him stand up along with UN. I stood up as well and was immediately pulled into a hug by Japan. I smiled hugging him back.

"Thank you Japan."

"No... thank you (Y/N). For giving me the courage to talk to UN."

I giggled. "He is really formal isn't he?"

Japan chuckled back and I could have sworn he had rolled his eyes. "Oh you don't know the half of it." We pulled away and Japan walked over to UN's side.

"I shall see you in a bit (Y/N)." UN waved and I watched as the two disappeared around a corridor. I sighed staying where I was. Nothing much interesting was happening around me so I decided I might as well just explore the place.

I don't know why I felt so drawn to elevators but the next thing I knew was the two sliding doors in front of me. I stepped inside and looked around the golden interior. Fancy indeed.

My hands reached for the buttons already knowing which floor I

wanted. I frowned. The highest floor in this building was floor 52. Guess I'd just have to make due with what I had.

I poked the "42" button and waited patiently leaning against the wall as the elevator started. The soft jazz from the ceiling was quite calming. I hummed watching as the floors went by on the number display.

Finally, the elevator came to a stop and opened up. I stepped out and immediately regretted my decision. In front of me was a dark shadowy hallway which seemingly led into the deep dark abyss. Upon sight I had two immediate thoughts.

Imma yeet myself into the black hole and hopefully it will embrace my dark soul.

And

Run. Turn around, don't look back.

And being the absolute idiot I am, I decided to run...

....just as the elevator closed behind me leaving me all alone in the dark.

I stared into the blackness gulping as my eyes slowly adjusted. Little by little, details once visible in the light of the elevator began to surface. The dusty tiles, the wilting plant at the end of the hallway in front of the closed office door, the faint outline of the cobwebs hanging from the light bulbs...

I turned around and clicked the elevator button hoping to make a fast escape.

But, the button wouldn't light up.

Clenching my fists I turned around suddenly very hot and sweaty. I would have to find a fire escape.

Taking a deep breath, I started walking, flicking my head every which way trying to listen for sounds. But it was dead silent. The

only sound being my footsteps which echoed throughout the halls.

I wrapped my arms around myself feeling my backpack straps. My backpack! I swung it forward rummaging through the contents until my hand found what it was looking for. I pulled out a flashlight and clicked it on. Immediately the room lit up in its white glow.

I squinted, a bit blinded by the light. I swung the flashlight around quickly sweeping over the area. The light went around the room illuminated the tiled floor which I now realized I was leaving faint footsteps in. Wow it sure had been a while since someone had cleaned this place.

I shined the flashlight up towards the wall and screamed dropping it. I quickly swiped it up pointing it back at the wall. There in front of me was a portrait. A portrait of a country... I think...

Their flag had a dragon on it and what seemed like a sun on the top right corner near the dragon's mouth. The country wore a stern expression. Underneath the portrait was a small dusted plaque. I reached for it cleaning the dust off with my sleeves.

It read: Qing Dynasty, 1636 - 1912

I frowned, shining the light towards the rest of the wall. As expected, it was lined with portraits of past empires and dynasties. I continued walking not recognizing most of the flags.

Suddenly, I stopped a shiver going up my spine. There in front of me was a portrait with the country's face scratched out with three long streaks. I walked forward rubbing the plaque.

Nazi Germany (Third Reich) 1933 - 1945

I stared horrified at the painting. Slowly I reached up pushing the ripped parts into their place. The face I was met with was far less friendly than I had anticipated.

Nazi's eyes bore into mine, his large grin gleaming. The country radiated more than the light from my flashlight and I found myself being unable to turn away to my horror.

Finally, I stumbled back letting the pieces fall shielding his face once again. Whoever had ripped up the portrait had had the right idea. I honestly didn't expect this. The fanfictions either displayed him as insane and power hungry or just someone who deserved pity after everything he had done. But this was different.

I didn't need to meet him to know that he was a terrible, terrible country.

Sighing, I turned around shining the light down the hallway and continued walking. The stairs had to be here somewhere. I continued walking my footsteps leaving large echos.

I took a right. Then a left. Then another right. Each second leaving me more nervous than the last. What if there wasn't a fire escape? What if the only way out was through the elevator? Did that mean I was stuck here until someone found me?

I continued walking suddenly slamming into a wall. I cursed taking a step back. A dead end. God f...

Suddenly I noticed something... I had stopped walking... then how come there were still footsteps echoing through the hallways? I whipped around shining the light down the hall waiting. The footsteps got closer and closer until finally a figure turned the corner.

I jumped realizing who or should I say WHAT it was. A g... ghost?!

The ghost was wearing a camo hat that covered his face. It also matched his camo pants which was neatly tucked into a pair of blackish brown combat shoes. Its shirt was a dark gray and they wore a dog tag around this neck that went down to their chest.

"Finally..." It said in a raspy voice. It began to walk towards me and I felt my hands shaking as the light bounced around.

And then in a moment of courage I screamed, "OH MY GOSH IS THAT THIRD REICH?"

Just as expected the figure turned around in surprise. I took the opportunity to bolt past them racing through the hallways looking

for an exit. Honestly, even a window would do. I would rather have jumped out a window than die at the touch of plasma.

I heard speeding footsteps behind me and knew that the apparition was definitely following me. Finally after running in what seemed like circles, I saw it.

An exit sign.

I almost leapt with joy running to the door and looking through the small window. Oh holy bejeebers, STAIRS.

I grabbed the handle trying to twist it. After two attempts a terrifying realization struck me. The door was locked! I struggled with the handle hearing the footsteps get closer once again.

And then the ghost turned the corner. I turned around pushing myself into the wall shining the light at it.

Surprisingly, the figure didn't come any closer. It just kneeled down taking in gulps of breath.

"You sure are fast kid. I'll give you that." It said panting. The ghost straightened up once again.

"Don't come near me! I'm warning you! I... I have a granola bar in this backpack and I'm not afraid to use it!"

The figure tilted his head in confusion. "Now hold on a second kid..."

"DON'T COME ANY CLOSER GHOST OF I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT COUNTRY YOU ARE. Who are you? Qing Dynasty? The VOC?"

"What? No I'm not any of those-"

Suddenly I realized the accent of the ghost and gasped.

"ARE YOU THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA?"

"What?! No I'm not! Kid, will you just listen to me?"

"UN. UN IDK IF YOU CAN HEAR ME BUT CONFEDERATE IS BACK AND HE'S-"

"(Y/N) I'M NOT THE CONFEDERACY. I'M NOT A COUNTRY TO BEGIN WITH! WILL YOU JUST LISTEN TO ME."

I squeaked immediately shutting up.

The figure sighed, taking his cap off and running a hand through his hair. I finally saw his flag and realized how stupid I had been.

"Wait... NATO?" I asked surprised.

"Yes kid. NATO. Not Qing Dynasty, not VOC, not your dead grandma, *definitely* not the Confederacy, but NATO."

He put his hat back on walking towards me. He extended a hand and I grabbed it standing up.

"Oh... I'm sorry sir I didn't realize..."

"Oh don't worry about it. It was my fault for sneaking up on you." He said chuckling. Once again, I couldn't see his eyes from underneath the cap but I knew he wasn't mad.

I also knew that I had to stop making assumptions.

"How... how did you find me?" I asked, still a little surprised.

"Oh that, well I happen to be walking by the elevator and saw that it stopped on the 42nd floor. Everyone knows that floor is off limits so I decided to investigate." He said as a matter-of-fact.

I nodded unsure of what else to say.

"Well in any case, I'm glad I found you. The elevator on this floor is busted and the stairwell is kinda hard to find.

"Wouldn't I know..." I mumbled under my breath.

"Well anyway, it seems as you found it so let's get out of here. This place gives me the chills." NATO said.

Something in his voice told me that he didn't care less about where he was and was just saying that to comfort me. But whatever guess I'll go along with it.

"Huh... door's jammed. Move back (Y/N)." He said.

I obeyed his orders watching as he took a step back. And then he freaking ran at the door kicking it down in one go.

"There we are." He said turning around to see my gaping face. "You alright kid?" I nodded slowly still impressed. But I mean it made sense? He was NATO...

"Come on. There's someone who probably wants to speak with you." NATO said, ushering me forward. I nodded carefully stepping over the METAL door on the ground. Damn that guy was strong.

We descended down the stairs and soon I didn't need to use my flashlight anymore. I'm not sure how many floors we passed but I was starting to get tired of all these stairs. I opened my mouth to complain when NATO stopped at a door and opened it looking back at me. I stepped forward onto the floor realizing that it was an infirmary of some sort.

I followed NATO quietly to a room down the hallway. I kept my head down as NATO nodded his head to all the workers that we passed.

Finally, he stopped at a door. I looked at it and then back at him.

"Go on, I don't think I need to come inside with you. Just let me know if he doesn't speak to you." NATO said the last sentence somewhat threateningly.

I gulped, opening the door.

"Hello...?" I asked peeking through.

"(Y/N) what are you doing here?"

I entered the room immediately pissed.

"Oh... it's just you Germany."

~ ~ ~

Wowee it's been a while. Sorry guys kinda had a bit of writers block for a while there. But here have an extra long chapter to make up for it. Anyway what do you think? I hope you enjoyed it. The story is starting to come to an end and now most things are just gonna be a lot of fluff and stuff like that. But I'll try to keep it interesting I promise.

Anyways! Thanks so much for reading and I hope you have a fantastic day/night/3am!

~ Your very still alive author, Dorito

# Chapter 23 - Words Exchanged

I sighed walking over to a chair across from the hospital bed and sat down facing the country. Germany looked better than the last time I had seen him yet still just as pale as before. The color of his flag were dulled and his face still had minor cracks.

Without his glasses, he seemed much less threatening and now I could point out the very obvious bags under his eyes. I wonder how much sleep he had lost.

"Why did you want to see me?" I asked coldly.

Germany sighed.

"I... I wanted to apologize. I don't know what got over me and everything I did to you... I treated you with utmost disrespect when all you did was try and aid me in my... experiment..." he said gulping.

I raised a brow at the country and rolled my eyes. "You are aware that your apology means shit to me right?"

Germany flinched but nodded. "Yes... I figured as much. I don't think anything I can say can make up for what all the stuff I have done to you and... everyone else."

"Germany you fu\*\*ing shot North Korea! I'm not sure how stuff in your world works but from the little bit I do know, I know that you could have started ANOTHER WORLD WAR." I hollered grinding my teeth.

Germany didn't respond. His face held a look of pure sadness and

regret. Any other person and I would have actually felt sorry for them. But for once I was just done with everything to do with this country.

I opened my mouth and continued. "You know, you put me through hell and back. You know what happened to America? You made me believe that it was all my fault but NO. It was YOURS. If you hadn't asked me to do your dirty work in the first place, America wouldn't have gotten hurt and would STILL BE MY FRIEND," I paused looking away, "he probably hates me now...."

Germany seemed to be struggling for words. "I... I'm..."

"You know I would kick you in the nuts if you weren't in a hospital bed right about now." I said already imagining the scenario. I will admit it was a bit messed up but strangely satisfying.

"I... I'd probably deserve that." Germany finally concluded with a frown. He avoided meeting my gaze. We sat there in silence unsure of what else could be said. The ticking from the clock above the door suddenly became the prominent sound in the room.

"Can... can I ask you something?" Germany spoke up.

"Dude I don't think I want to answer any of your questions but due to the circumstances and since you are in a hospital bed, fine. What?" I sassed.

"Why'd you do it? Why'd you help me in the end?"

"Obviously because I-" I paused taking a second to think about what he had just asked me. Yes it was true that I had been scared and yes it was true that he had had a gun but... even so I still could have chosen to not press the button.

"Um... because..." I sighed, lowering my voice. "Because I don't think I had the right to keep you from seeing your brother. I mean... if I lost someone close to me and I had the chance to save them or bring them back... then heck yeah I would take it." I coughed speaking normally.

"Plus you said please and were crying. I'm a sympathetic person." I

finished crossing my arms. I looked up to see a small smile on Germany's face as he chuckled.

"Well, thank you. For doing that for me. I know I didn't deserve it. But... seeing East again. It felt like for once in a long long time, everything was bright again. Like everything would be okay." Germany said looking away tears threatening to flow from his eyes.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You see (Y/N), sometimes we fall into a dark place. A place of just terrible, terrible thoughts that spiral us downwards until there's nothing left but a feeling of self-dread and loneliness. And sometimes, nothing you do, or nothing anyone else does can get you out of it."

"But... sometimes the exit might be right there in front of you. But it's so dark that you can't see it. And East, East was the light that helped me find the staircase out of that hole." He finished.

Germany looked up at me and met my eyes. "And I would never have found my exit if you hadn't helped. Thank you (Y/N). I know my apology means nothing right now but know that I am forever in your debt. I hope that one day you'll be able to find it in your heart to forgive me."

I blinked feeling something wet at the corner of my eyes. I shook my head wiping my face with a sleeve.

Without a word, I stood up and left the room.

---

"(Y/N) what are you doing sitting out here all by yourself?"

I looked up to see NATO walking over to me from the busy room.

"Not much. I was just thinking..." I said.

"Ah I see. Everything went alright with Germany then?"

"Sure. I guess." I responded again a little uncertain. I didn't know if I

would truly be able to forgive Germany. Not after everything...

"(Y/N)? Earth to (Y/N) do you copy?"

"Huh?" I looked up startled at a hand waving in my face. "S... sorry kinda got lost in thought there for a second."

"I see... anyways I was asking. I'm heading over to see Mr. D.C right now and was wondering if you would like to join me." NATO said.

I chuckled. "Mr. D.C?"

"America. I prefer to refer to him as that as he is my superior," NATO responded.

I laughed but wondered if America would be willing to see me. It was worth a shot. I really did like him. He had always been one of my favorite countryhumans.

"Sure." I answered with a smile.

I followed NATO through the infirmary realizing that America might have also been brought over here after the injuries he sustained. I flinched wondering if something had happened to the actual country due to America getting hurt.

I looked around noticing the rest of the floor for the first time. I realized that it wasn't any different from an actual hospital. Just... instead of people there were countries? Or states and provinces. Looking around I was about to make out a handful of states from the United States.

Minnesota, Washington, I think Hawaii... I think I saw Ontario, Canada too.

I continued walking behind NATO until we reached a room.

"America please. I'll be happy to take over for you while you rest up. And Virginia too right?!"

"Yeah of course."

"Guys, I really appreciate the offer but just cause I'm injured doesn't mean I can't do my work. Plus D.C. can cover for me."

"D.C.? That workaholic? Oh come on pops you know Dics already has enough on his plate."

"Virginia please stop calling him that."

"Shut it Jers I'm trying to argue a point here."

I looked up at NATO questioningly. The voices coming from the other side of the room suggested that America already had company. NATO simply scoffed and pushed open the door revealing two states and a really irritated looking America.

The three turned to look at us and I noticed the two states immediately straighten up.

"Oh NATO. I was not aware you were going to be meeting America at this time." The state with a beige flag stated. He wore a light blue neatly tucking in dress shirt with a black tie. He also had big circular glasses on his face.

"Yeah guess we should leave huh?" The other state added rolling his eyes. He had a dark blue flag and wore a black and white plaid shirt with a beanie.

NATO opened his mouth to respond but the states quickly ushered themselves out the door. I turned to look at America and flinched realizing that he was staring right at me with a look I couldn't quite read.

"Sir I heard what happened. I came to check up on you to see if you were alright." NATO said walking over to America's bed.

"Thank you for your concern Nat but I'm doing fine. Like I was telling New Jersey and Virginia a minute ago, I should be discharged in a couple of days" America said, flashing a smile at the union. It was strange to see how quickly his face expressions changed.

"Those stairs really did a number on you huh?" NATO asked

smiling.

"Yes you could certainly say that." America shot a knowing glance at me. Once again I was unsure of what he was trying to imply.

"And I see you brought (Y/N) with you. How are you doing by the way."

"Oh um I'm doing fine... not much happening here." I said awkwardly trailing off.

"Yes I'd say (Y/N) is doing pretty good for witnessing a shooting." NATO said.

"Wait WHAT? Someone got shot?!" America asked, almost jumping up from the bed.

"Oh so you don't know yet. Ah well, Germany had somewhat of a mishap with (Y/N) and the squabble ended with Korea being shot." NATO summarized for the country.

America stared at us for a second taking in the information. "Which Korea?" He asked finally.

"North," NATO answered without missing a beat. I expected America to freak out or at least display some sort of concern but he didn't even flinch.

"Hmm. I'm guessing he's alright though and nothing happened to his country?" America asked.

"Yes, nothing happened to North however from what I heard, Germany might be having somewhat of a recession." NATO confirmed for him.

"Ah. Well thank you for letting me know. I'm sure I will be informed about the details sooner or later." America nodded.

"Yes of course. Anyways, we best be going then. Come on (Y/N) let's let America rest."

I nodded a response to NATO and watched him walk out the door. But I didn't move immediately. I looked up at America to see him

avoiding my gaze. Immediately a feeling of dread filled my stomach.

I gulped speaking up, "Hey... I'm sorry for getting you involved with what I was doing. I really do feel bad..."

"It's fine. It wasn't your fault anyways. I'm just glad you're alright. Plus, I shouldn't have reacted the way I did. I know you made the right choice," America said, not meeting my eyes.

I hung my head unsure of what else could be said. Slowly, I exited the room to see NATO waiting outside.

"Ready to go?"

"Where are we going?" I asked, a little confused.

"Back to the lobby. UN just texted me asking to bring you there." I blinked. How did UN know I was with NATO? I decided not to think about it too much. He clearly wasn't a stalker. Probably had to do with being a magical being and whatnot.

I agreed and we went back to the lobby where we found UN and Japan waiting for us.

"Hey (Y/N). Where were you?" Japan greeted us with a smile as we approached.

"Oh you know... hunting ghosts." I heard NATO snicker behind me as Japan gave me a confused look.

"Don't worry about it." I said smiling.

"Well anyways, (Y/N), it was nice to meet you kid. I hope you get home safe." NATO said to me. I thanked him and after a quick handshake he walked away.

"So... what happened?" I said turning back to UN and Japan.

"Well... Japan told me everything and while I must say that while I was quite shocked, this might actually work out in our favor. Why don't we go sit down and talk." UN said, waving us over to the

seats. I nodded following.

"Wait how does this work in your favor?" I asked, sitting down opposite them.

"Well, say if something like this truly were to happen again or if a countryman were to get stuck in the human world. They would have much more protection from the fanbase as the governments might rule out whatever sighting they had as a rumor someone created within the community." UN said simply.

"Oh so you won't erase the memories of the fandom?" I asked.

"Oh good heavens no! That would simply take too long of a time and probably be a waste of time."

"So... I get to remember you guys!?" I asked excitedly.

Japan and UN exchanged a look.

"Well... yes and no. See I actually found a way to get you home. I was able to find the blockade in the dimension portals and get it working again. But... we can't let you leave with all the memories." Japan stated grimly.

I frowned. "But... why not? I won't tell anyone! Plus no one will believe me even if I did!"

Japan sighed. "Yes but (Y/N) you have to understand that we can't take any chances. Not after everything that happened with Carileth."

"Despicable women." I heard UN murmur under his breath.

"We just simply can't let you remember that this world exists. Not as a book, not as a dream, and not as a memory."

I grimaced looking down.

So this was it then?

This was the End?

Please read bold text.

~~~

What will you do?

Allow Them to Erase Your Memories of this World - This world is really important to you and you would hate to see something happen to it. After all, if it was somehow discovered you won't want to be the reason for it right? Or maybe some things are just meant to be kept hidden.

or

Try to Convince Them to Let You Remember - You pinky promise that you won't tell anybody. You love this world and everyone here too much to just forget about them. There has to be a way they will allow you to remember. There just has to.

Remember that your actions have consequences!

Hey guys! Thanks for reading this incredibly long chapter. I know it was mostly just dialog and a bit boring so sorry about that. If you can't tell already we are very much approaching an end to this novel. So... yeah :3

So anyways!!!! Let me know in the comments how you're enjoying your quarantine time! I know I'm doing just great. Also if you haven't noticed, I have posted a new countryhuman incorrect quotes book on my profile. I will be trying to update that daily since I don't release chapters very often. Oh yeah sorry for this incredibly late release yikes. eLearning is somewhat of a bish you know?

Anywayyyyyys

I'm done rambling, thanks for reading and I hope you have a great day/night/3 am!!!

~ Dorito :)

Chapter 24 - Nightly Assault

"Please... this isn't something I should forget... not after everything..." I whispered looking up. There were now tears falling down my eyes. I quickly whipped them away a little embarrassed. I was acting like a child.

Japan's frown turned sad and he suddenly jumped up and hugged me. "Oh (Y/N) I don't want this to happen either! I've only known you for a couple of days and you've helped me so much."

We sat there sobbing into each other's arms. I had completely forgotten that UN was there along with us until he cleared his throat.

"Ahem."

Japan jumped away and I looked up at the agency with a pout. He sighed.

"(Y/N) you've been through some traumatic moments are well here. Are you sure you want to remember those?" He asked calmly.

I blinked thinking about Italy almost killing me. About watching America disappear down the bunker. About having a gun aimed at me.

"Yes. I want to remember all of it." I said sternly.

Japan looked at UN with a gleam in his eyes.

Finally, UN sighed and put up his hands in defeat.

"Alright, I'll see what I can do." He huffed with a half smile.

"Yes!" I screamed and jumped up. "Thank you thank you thank you!" I ran over to UN and engulfed him in a hug. After a second of hesitation, he hugged back patting my back awkwardly. Guess he wasn't used to this much physical contact.

"Now then," UN said, pulling away. I let him go with a slight chuckle. He seemed quite flustered as he straightened his tie.

"However, you aren't going home just yet. I still need to make sure the rifts aren't still acting up. They seemed to have closed when you first entered our world but I still want to make sure they're working properly so that you don't get teleported to some random place like Antarctica." Japan said running a hand through his hair.

"Yikes, yeah that wouldn't be so great." I said already imagining the cold. Hey at least there would be penguins?

"That reminds me Japan. I would like you to take a look at that machine if you don't mind. The rifts shouldn't have been acting that way and I'd like to find the source if you don't mind." UN stated.

"Of course sir. I'll do that right away."

"And for you (Y/N), you'll be staying the night at Britain's again. I think it would be the best place for you since you've already been there. I think you've done enough house hopping for one visit." UN said, turning to me.

"Oh fantastic..." I gave him a fake smile and a thumbs up.

"Alright, that is settled then. Japan I will be expecting a report as soon as possible and if you don't mind, could you escort (Y/N) down to the garage as well? Britain should be waiting there for you."

"Of course sir."

"Great! And as for you (Y/N), I will be seeing you tomorrow."

"Okay! Thank you Mr.UN." I said. I saw a smile tug at UN's straight face as he turned away and left without another word.

"Alright (Y/N) let's go." Japan said

We walked over to the elevators and quickly reached the garage. The doors opened to reveal a concrete area with multiple cars parked along in rows. Japan mumbled to himself inspecting the cars as we walked past them. I couldn't exactly make out what he was saying but I believe he was reading out the brands and types of each car as we passed.

"Ah. There he is." Japan said, pointing forward. I looked up to see a familiar country leaning against a black SUV glancing at the phone in his hand. He looked up as we approached.

"Evening Japan. Hello there (Y/N). Are you ready to go?" Britain asked me.

I immediately turned around and jumped onto Japan giving him another hug. Man I was getting emotional.

Japan didn't waste a second in hugging me back. We didn't say a word as we held each other for a couple more seconds and let go.

"Yep. Now I'm ready." I nodded to Britain who was watching us with a look of amusement.

"Alright then. Get in. It's going to be somewhat of a long drive." Britain said pointing to the back of the car. I quickly exchanged a good bye with Japan and watched him leave as I got into the car. No heartfelt goodbyes were shared because I was sure I would be meeting him again tomorrow.

I closed the door of the car and was surprised to see Britain slid into the seat behind me.

"Home Chester." Britain said casually. I looked up realizing that there was another country... no... city in the driver seat.

The car began moving and I shifted uncomfortably looking out the window.

"You alright there chap?"

I turned towards Britain seeing that he was eyeing me with a mix of curiosity and concern.

"I'm fine. Thanks."

He didn't say anything to me for the rest of the ride.

I must have fallen asleep at one point because the next thing I knew was being tapped awake. I opened my eyes, catching myself from screaming when I realized Britain was leaning over me.

"Sorry didn't mean to scare you there. We're here." Britain moved out the way and I exited the car a little dizzy as my eyes clouded over and I entered the shadow realm for a second.

I followed Britain to the door and waited patiently as he unlocked it.

"France isn't here tonight but I made sure your room was ready for you. It's the same one as last time. You do remember where it is, correct?"

"Yeah I do. Thank you."

I split up from the country and stalked over to my room suddenly feeling absolutely exhausted. I threw my backpack onto the floor and face planted onto the bed.

However, my peace didn't last long as I remembered that I was long overdue for a shower. Groaning, I rolled off the bed, almost crashing on the floor, grabbed my backpack, and headed for the bathroom.

When I finally came out, there was a bowl of soup on my bedside table with a note. What was it with these guys and leaving notes?

I leaped onto the bed and grabbed the note. It was written in perfect calligraphy cursive and I was honestly impressed on how clean the entire thing was. It read:

I'm not nearly as good of a cook as France but I still tried to make you something for dinner. I would have given it to you personally but I just

don't think we're quite there yet in our acquaintanceship. I hope you have a good night.

I rolled my eyes, finishing reading the note. Slowly I grabbed the soup and tried it. It was a bit hot on my tongue but it tasted amazing! I would have to remember to thank Britain later.

After I ate, I put the empty bowl down and fell asleep promptly.

Around 2 in the morning, I woke up hearing a crash outside my door. Jumping up, I looked around the dark room pulling my covers closer to me and waiting while listening to the sounds around me.

At first, it was dead silent. And then... a started to hear footsteps.

Thinking fast, I crawled out of bed as quietly as possible and grabbed my flashlight from my backpack.

Slowly, I walked over to the door standing right next to it but not in front. I listened and heard the footsteps growing closer and closer. I clenched my teeth hearing them stop right outside the door.

I shivered hearing a soft breathing from the other side.

The door knob slowly turned and I gripped my flashlight tighter ready to smack the intruder right on their head. I watched hands shaking as the door opened and a figure slowly stepped inside.

I was lucky to be standing on the back side of the door and so the person couldn't see me. I watched them step inside and walk over to my bed. The darkness concealed their face pretty well so I couldn't tell who it was.

Realizing it was now or never, I ran at them with my flashlight and smacked them across the head. They doubled over from the bed clutching their head.

"Why you little bit**!" The figure exclaimed and ran at me.

I jumped out of the way of their punches but they were still fast. I felt a hand tug at my shoulders and the next thing I knew was that I had been thrown onto the bed. I opened my mouth to scream but

they quickly covered it with their hand.

"Now there dear (Y/N), we can't be waking up Britain now can-a we?"

I gasped eyes widening as I recognized the accent. I saw a grin appear on Italy's face as he noticed my opened eyes.

"You thought I was done with you? HAH! Of course not! I have a job and I will complete it! Hehehe!" Italy giggled quietly.

Remembering the hand on my mouth, I quickly bite into the flesh.

"YOWH!" Italy screamed, jumping back.

I quickly rolled out of the way as he dashed at me once again.

I saw my discarded flashlight on the floor and leapt for it as Italy missed grabbing my hand by inches. Grabbing it I swept around and turned it on shining the light right at his eyes.

"Agh! What the hell?"

BANG

Me and Italy both jumped as the lights turned on. I looked over to see Britain standing with a gun and a cane looking like he just woke up. The absence of a bullet made me realize he had just shot a blank. But it was enough to scare Italy who was now frozen behind me.

"What in the bloody hell is going on? Italy what in the nine planets are you doing in my house?" He paused, noticing the messy room and putting two and two together, "ITALY DID YOU JUST ATTEMPT TO ATTACK (Y/N) A SECOND TIME?"

Italy stuttered, staring nervously at the gun in Britain's hand. I took the opportunity to run over to Britain's side and away from the smaller country. Britain handed me his cane and put his empty hand in front of me protectively.

"Why are you protecting that little a**hole?!" Italy hissed from

where he was.

"The only one being an arse right now is YOU!" Britain scolded, "put your hands where I can see them!"

Hesitating, Italy obeyed.

"Good, now walk and don't try anything funny or I won't hesitate to shoot." Britain hissed. We moved out the way as Italy walked past us and followed him into the living room.

"Sit." Britain instructed. Italy sat down on the coach, hands still in the air.

"You old *cretino*. You have no idea who you are defending! That thing deserves to pay for the crimes their race has committed!" Italy spat.

Britain scoffed at Italy as I nervously rubbed my hands against each other.

"(Y/N)."

I jumped at the mention of my name.

"Go to the kitchen. There should be a phone there with UN's number written on a note next to it. Call him and tell him what's happening." Britain said, keeping his eyes glued to Italy.

"R... Right!"

I sprinted off looking for the kitchen. It wasn't very hard to find since the lights were on this time. I should have turned on a light last time.

As soon as I entered, I immediately found an antique looking rotary dial phone on the table. I walked over to it and noticed a small note on the side. There were a couple of numbers on there including UN, EU, France and surprisingly, America.

I quickly dialed UN's number which was an oxymoron saying that I was using a dial phone. I waited listening to the ring on the other

side.

"You have reached UN's voicemail. I'm terribly sorry that I missed your call but if you leave a voicemail I will get back to you promptly. Have a great day!"

I clicked my tongue in annoyance looking at the other numbers.

America.

He would help right?

Deciding to take my chances I entered the number tapping my foot impatiently. The line connected and I heard a drowsy voice from the other end.

"Britain?... Why are you calling me at 4 in the morning?..."

"Actually, America it's me." I said awkwardly.

There was silence on the other line and then "Can I help you?"

I flinched hearing a small annoyance in his voice.

"S... sorry for waking you up but I really need to get in touch with the UN and he isn't answering the phone!"

"Why is everything alright?"

"No... Italy broke into Britain's house and now he's in the living room with a gun trained at his face." I said awkwardly.

"Italy what?! Hold on I'll try to get someone down there. Are you and Britain alright?"

"Yeah... yeah we're fine, I just-" I jumped hearing yelling from the other room.

"Sorry America I have to go!" I quickly ended the call without getting a response and ran into the room to see Italy and Britain wrestling on the floor. They were both trying to make a grab at the pistol that lay a few feet away from them.

I quickly ran to it and picked it up before anyone could grab it. Not thinking twice I pointed it at them and yelled.

"STOP! Italy move away from Britain or I will shoot!"

Both of them immediately separated and with the gun still pointed at Italy I ran to help Britain up.

"Thank's lad... now where were we."

Britain took the gun from me and stared at Italy who was holding his arm while glaring at us. I gasped realizing that the outline of Britain's eye was starting to turn a little black.

"Britain are you..."

"I'm fine thanks. Did you call UN? I don't know how much longer I can handle this bugger."

"Yes but it went to voicemail so I tried America."

Britain side eyed me but slowly nodded.

"Someone should be on the way here." I said softly looking at Italy. "Italy, why are you doing this." I asked softly.

Italy glared at me. "Because... your kind almost KILLED ME. You don't just forget NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCES."

I jumped back as Britain cocked the gun. Perhaps he had armed it now.

"Cool your pasta liking arse you scumbag. You think you're the only one here that almost died then?" Britain said.

"Oh Britain I KNOW I'm not the only one. Which is why I'm absolutely horrified that you'd help such a foul scum of the Earth such as that!" Italy said eyeing daggers at me.

Britain opened his mouth to respond when we were stopped by a loud bang from the entrance.

"Sir Britain? (Y/N)?" came a recognizable voice.

"NATO! We're in here!" I yelled hearing footsteps coming towards us. I looked back at Italy and saw that his eyes had widened.

NATO ran into the room with two other people with him.

"Apprehend him." NATO said nodding at Italy.

The two states immediately ran towards Italy who surrendered without much problem.

"Are you guys alright? America sent me as you soon as you hung up (Y/N)."

"Yes. Just splendid. Do tell me why Italy was let out after that the FIRST INCIDENT?!" Britain hollered in anger.

"I... I'm not sure sir. I'll try to find out as soon as I can." NATO stuttered, taken aback.

"Oh don't even bother. Like it matters now. Just make sure Italy stays put this time," Britain said waving him away. He walked away following the other states as they took care of Italy who was shouting what seemed like profanities in Italian.

I sighed smiling softly at NATO. He smiled back, rolling his eyes at Britain.

"Are you alright?"

"Yeah I'm fine. Britain came in just in time." I said looking over at him. I suddenly noticed how he looked for the first time. Britain was wearing shorts and a normal gray shirt. He didn't have his top hat or monocle on. He looked extremely tired and suddenly I couldn't help but feel a sudden respect for him.

Britain looked over and sighed walking over.

"Well that was quite the experience. IF you don't mind NATO I would like to go back to bed. Send America my thanks."

NATO nodded giving a quick salute. "Of course. Good night sir."

With that he turned and left. My mouth hung open as I stared at the front door which was swinging off its hinges half broken.

"You can't possibly be going to bed with the door like that!" I stuttered.

"What door like what?" Britain asked with a faint smile.

I looked back at the door and gasped. The door was fixed and closed as if nothing had happened.

"But.. but it was just..."

"God lord chap, you must really be sleep deprived. Off to bed with you. I would like to catch up on the little sleep I can still get." Britain said, smirking and walking away.

I stared at him as he left.

Fricken magic man.

~ ~ ~

Hey guys! Sorry for the delay but here we are! Almost 3k words later. Guess Italy be back at it again huh?? Don't get me wrong I have no problem with any Italians but every story needs a bad guy and I felt as if Italy would really just be perfect for the part. I do love him, he's a wholesome pasta boi so yeah.

Anyways we are at the end of the story and it's almost time for you to say goodbye to your dear countries. I found it really nerve racking reading your comments last chapter how some of you guys were like "Wait if we do this then the story won't end!!!" I felt so bad honestly.

Well either way, thank you all for reading this chapter! See you in the next and last chapter of the story next week (hehe hopefully)! Have an EXCELLENT day/night/3am!!!

~ Dorito :)

Chapter 25 - Au Revoir

I woke up the next morning to see that I had overslept. Seeing that the clock beside me read 11 am, I scrambled out of bed and rushed to change out of my pjs before scurrying out the door.

I walked to the kitchen to see Britain sitting there in casual attire drinking tea and typing away on his laptop. He looked up noticing me.

"Good morning (Y/N)." He nodded, giving me a quick glance.

"Morning... why didn't you wake me up earlier?" I asked curiously.

"Well after that whole fiasco last night I thought it might do you some good to get some extra sleep."

"Ah thanks."

"There are pancakes in the kitchen. Would you like some tea?"

"Uh... no thanks I'm good." I watched nervously as Britain looked up at me with a look I couldn't quite describe. I was sure he was about to get angry at me for declining his favorite drink but he simply shrugged.

"Suit yourself."

After I had eaten and picked up the plates, I went back and sat down opposite from the country who was still typing away busily on his laptop.

"So... you seem busy..." I said unsure of what else to ask.

"Why yes. You see I recently left the European Union and therefore have a LOT of work to do regarding it."

"How does that even work?" I asked curiously.

"How does what work?"

"Your... work I guess. How does it make sense since you don't interact with the human world?" I asked.

Britain simply smiled. "That's a bold statement. What made you think we don't interact with you humans?"

"I..." I closed my mouth wondering how it all worked.

"Well anyways, that's for me to worry about and not you. Oh look at the time! It's almost 12! We have to head back to the assembly hall soon. Why don't you go and pack your bag? I will meet you out front when you are ready!" Britain closed his laptop and stood up.

"Alright." I answered. I left the kitchen and walked back to my room grabbing my backpack. After packing my clothes I realized that my flashlight lay astray on the floor.

I leaned down to pick it up and looked it over in my hand. Suddenly I realized how strange it was that Canada had packed me a flashlight in the first place. It's almost as if he knew I would need it.

Shaking my head at the thought, I packed away the flashlight and headed out the very perfect, not broken at all, door to find Britain conversing with his driver.

"Finally, let's go (Y/N)," Britain said as we all piled into the car. The drive seemed a lot longer than the previous night. I mostly just stared out the window watching the different biomes and houses pass by until we finally entered the city.

I watched as we approached a familiar building. I had been here before but I couldn't remember when...

As we walked up the steps I suddenly remembered that this was the building that I had first woken up in. I froze as we entered through the doors. There was a small lobby in front of me. I looked around wondering where the room I had first woken up with all the different countries had gone.

Britain didn't say anything as he walked past the receptionist who gave him a small nod. I received a strange look from the city at the desk that made me quickly look away. I walked with Britain to a staircase.

"Shouldn't we take the elevators?" I asked quizzingly.

"It's not that far up and I prefer the stairs anyway. Less of a crowd." Britain said.

I noticed a small crack in his voice but decided not to say anything. We walked up the stairs to a level with a single but heavily guarded door. There were two people who saluted Britain as he walked up.

I watched patiently as Britain pulled out a keycard from his jacket pocket and scanned it into a keypad looking device next to the door. He also scanned his hands and his eyes before the door opened. Strange. Whatever was behind that door was definitely something they didn't want people getting into.

We walked inside the door shutting behind us. The hallway was white with bright fluorescent lights and clean floors.

As we walked on, I noticed a window coming up to one of the sides. I gasped seeing a giant circular machine that was faintly glowing as the control panel in front of it blinked with lights. There were two figures inside who were conversing but I wasn't able to tell who.

Britain took us to a room that was opposite the machine and opened the door to reveal a small lounging area. There were already a few countries there. Russia, Philippines, Indonesia, France, Canada and surprisingly, America. Suddenly the feeling hit me like a rock.

I was leaving.

"(Y/N)! Hey long time to see! I mean... as long as a couple nights can get but I think I'd call that pretty long you know?" Philip said walking up to me and giving me a hug.

"Thanks Phil! Yeah it has been a while! How are you?"

"I'm great!"

"Oh come on Phil let some of us talk." Indonesia said walking up. I smiled giving him a hug as well. When I pulled away Indo was blushing a light red.

Or perhaps it was his flag?...

"I can't believe this is the last time I get to see you guys." I said sadly.

Phil and Indo suddenly frowned.

"Oh... yeah."

"Well for what it's worth, spending time with you guys will definitely be one of my happiest memories!" I said trying to lighten up the mood.

"Memories? Je ne peux pas y croire! UN is letting you keep your memories?" France suddenly butt in walking over. Her emerald eyes glistened with delight.

"Yeah! UN said I could remember you guys!" I said happily.

I heard a scoff in the background and looked over to see Russia roll his eyes and pull out a cigar.

France must have heard it too because she immediately advanced on him in a slight rage.

"Russia if you have a problem with (Y/N) keeping their memories, you are more than welcome to LEAVE!" She barked. France wasn't a very tall country so it was quite funny to see Russia flinch in shock at the smaller country who was almost a whole head lower than him.

"And NO SMOKING!" France snapped, jumping and stealing the cigar out of Russia's hand. She strutted over to the trash and threw the device into the trash with a sharp "hmph".

I giggled watching Russia glare daggers at France's direction but he

did not do anything. He simply pulled out his phone and ignored his surroundings.

"I honestly can't believe how it must be living in that man's home! No sense of cleanliness." France rolled her eyes walking over to us.

"You'd be surprised. He's house is actually super neat. It's really comfy." I said, glancing at the russian.

"Well I guess he is a pretty surprising country. You never know what to expect around him." Indo added.

We continued talking when the door slammed open. A disturbed looking country was standing in the frame.

"My goodness Switzerland, what is the cause of all the racket? Are you alright?" Britain asked looking over.

Switzerland didn't reply, scanning the room until his eyes suddenly settled on me. I gulped as he narrowed his eyes and slowly stood up straight straightening his tie.

"Apologies my friends. I was simply in a rush of sorts. (Y/N) is it? UN is looking for you. You ought to come with me."

"That makes no sense, UN said he would be running a bit late and hasn't arrived yet." Canada spoke.

"Ah... yes well he's here and he's looking for (Y/N). Now if you don't mind we really should get going." He said looking at me.

The other's exchanged looks but before anyone could say anything I spoke up.

"Yeah alright let's go. I'll be back guys." Without a word I followed Switzerland out the door and further down the hallway.

He didn't say anything as we walked but as soon as we turned a corner, he spun around and jumped at me slamming me into the wall.

"Who do you work for?! What do you want from us?!" The country

threatened. I gasped in surprise. Our faces were almost touching.

"I... I don't know what you're talking about I swear!"

"Bullsh*t!" Now tell me who you work for before I make you."

I gasped for breath as his hands slid further up my neck.

"P... please I... don't k... know what you're talking about. P... please." I choked out. My vision started to blur and I felt myself start to zone out of my senses.

The next thing I knew was that I was on the floor gasping for breath as my vision slowly started to come back. I looked up to see Switzerland looking at me in horror.

"There must be something I'm missing. I'm sorry."

Within a blink of an eye, the country was gone. I sat there on the ground panting wondering what that was all about.

Slowly, I stood up and, swaying just a little, turned the corner and began walking down the hallway.

Slowly I made it back to the room and opened the door to be greeted by many concerned faces.

"(Y/N) there you are!" Phillip said running over to me.

"UN?" I asked looking at the figure in the center of the room who everyone was standing around.

"(Y/N)! You had everyone worried! Are you alright?" UN asked walking over.

"Yeah... yeah I'm fine why wouldn't I be fine I mean there's no reason to not not be fine you know?" I blabbered running a hand through my hair with a light chuckle.

UN frowned but didn't say anything.

"Alright, well it's time for you to go home."

I gulped nodding.

With a few more words, I followed UN out the door and into the room with the machine, the others following behind.

When we got inside I was delighted to see Japan and South Korea conversing with each other. They looked up as we entered and waved.

"Hey guys! The rifts seem to all be in proper condition and functioning. No irregularities at all." Japan said, nodding to UN.

UN nodded walking over to South who continued to speak to the union as he directed him to the control panel. Japan walked over to me and held out a hand.

"So this is it huh?"

I smiled, grabbing his hand. But instead of shaking it, Japan pulled me into a hug and whispered into my ears.

"I'm not so great with goodbyes so I'll keep this short. Thank you. Hopefully we'll meet again in answer life." Japan pulled away and walked over to South and UN.

I sighed, turning around to be greeted by Philippines and Indonesia.

"Oh cheer up (Y/N)! This may be good bye for now but we don't believe in those! Just a farewell until next time! If you ever come back I promise we'll show you so much more things! If you liked Nesos I'll be sure to show you Australia's pet alligator Francis!" Indonesia said smiling.

"Yeah what he said! Except the alligator part. I think I'll pass heh!" Phil said.

"Can't wait!" I exclaimed.

Without another word, we all hugged and they stepped back just as France threw herself at me.

I gasped almost falling down.

"I will see you later mon amie!"

"T... thanks France! I'll definitely miss your cooking."

"Oh you flatter me (Y/N). But I'm delighted you enjoyed my homemade meal! Hopefully one day I'll be able to cook for you again! There are so many things you have yet to try! If you ever visit my country, do check out the restaurants! You'll LOVE the bread!" She added with a wink.

Before I could pull away, France gave me a quick peck on the checks. I stood there a bit dazed as she walked away with a click of the heels. I looked over to the other countries and saw Britain smiling at me with a fire burning in his eyes.

I immediately jumped out of my trance and looked away in surprise. I looked over at Japan to see he was typing away on the control panel alongside South while the UN watched them casually pointing out a thing or two.

"So. You are leaving."

I turned around and looked up to see Russia towering over me.

"Relax, I will not hurt you." He said with a smirk. "Unless... you let my little secret get out. You understand, да?"

I shook my head with a gulp. Russia scoffed before turning around and walking out the door reaching into his pocket no doubt pulling out another cigarette.

I jumped as a hand landed on my shoulder.

"Ah! Terribly sorry I didn't mean to frighten you! So you're finally going home, eh?" Canada said jumping back and rubbing his neck awkwardly.

"Yeah. I guess I am."

"You must be excited to go home. See your family again." Canada said smiling.

"Yeah I can't wait! Um. Canada, can I ask you something?"

"Sure what is it?"

"How'd you know that I'd need a flashlight?"

Canada smiled. He simply patted my shoulder and walked away grinning. "Goodbye (Y/N)."

I watched him walk over to France and Britain without giving me so much of a glance. I shook my head. If there was something I had learned from my time being here, it was that each country was unique with their own secrets.

"Hey kid."

I turned around to face America.

"America! You... look like you're doing much better!" I remarked. And it was true. America looked much better than the last time I had seen him in the hospital. He still had a sling but it seemed to me that it wouldn't be there for long.

"Yeah... anyways listen. I want you to know that I don't blame you for that incident. You did the right thing getting Russia. I just..." America sighed, "have some issues... WITH MYSELF. Don't get the wrong idea! I'm not mad at you. I'm sorry if it feels that way. Dang it, I'm sorry. What I meant to say was that-"

"America stop." I said placing a hand on his shoulder.

He stopped talking and even though I couldn't see his eyes I knew he was looking at me.

"It's fine. You shouldn't apologize. You didn't do anything wrong." I said softly. I honestly felt bad. I never should have left him down there alone bleeding away and hurt, not even being able to see around him.

"Ah... well then." America said looking at me. He suddenly looked away shaking his head. "I'm sorry (Y/N). Good bye."

He shrugged past me and I heard the door close behind me. I looked down feeling incredibly... sad. I looked up at the machine to see that it had started to power up. It was almost time.

"(Y/N) are you ready?"

I looked up to see UN walking towards me.

"Oh yeah. Yeah I'm ready to go..." I smiled as he walked up to me with a soft smile.

"Oh dear getting a little emotional there." UN pulled out a handkerchief and leaned over. I didn't say anything as he carefully whipped away the flowing tears from my face. Without another word, he gripped me by my hand and walked me over to a circular platform. In the middle was a disfigured effect that I knew to be the rift.

I stood there staring at the portal feeling UN step back. Sighing, I didn't move instead staring straight ahead. All I could think about was all the countries I had met. All the things I had experienced that the entire world did not know about.

No one in the entire world but me.

I felt a hand touch my shoulder and I jumped looking up to see Britain staring at the rift.

"All journey's must come to an end but something tells me this is just a beginning for you (Y/N). You're still very young and something tells me you'll do great things one day." Britain spoke.

"I don't want to leave you guys..." I whispered.

"No. But perhaps you won't have to. You still have an entire world of your own about us. Countryhumans I believe."

I looked up at Britain shaking. "But..."

"No buts (Y/N). It's time for you to head home." Britain looked down and smiled at me. He gave me a light push as he walked away.

I walked to the rift and turned around to see all of the countries smiling up at me.

"Goodbye (Y/N)! Until we meet again!"

"Au revoir (Y/N)!"

"Bye (Y/N)! Have a safe journey home!"

I smiled. With a deep breath I closed my eyes and stepped into the rift.

~Fin~

Thank You

I know authors notes are boring but please read this :,)

Guys, thank you. Thank you for reading this story and for being an amazing audience. I can't believe that I have finally ended this.

Are you guys getting emotional? Cause I know I am :((((((

I don't even know what to say XD

Almost 40k views and 1k likes later I.... I never knew you guys would enjoy this as much as you did.

Thank you so so much. Every like, comment and read always made my day.

But I do also know that I ended that with a LOT of unanswered questions. Now I'm not gonna do another QnA chapter but if you have questions about the story or about me go ahead and comment and I will be answering them!

One more thing. Did you guys like the interaction feel that I added in the story?

Yes :))))

Or

No :((((

I wanna know just incase I plan on making more books that have reader interactions ;)

Anyway I have a request for you guys. I'm not trying to be selfish or anything oh heck no but would you guys perhaps like to make some fanart of your favorite scenes in the book? I wanna try and add artwork around in the books because picture books are the best XD I will be making my own art to

add around about my favorite scenes so that will be fun! If you do please let me know I'd love to see all your amazing talents!

ANYWAYSSSSS Once again thanks sooo much for reading! I'm honored to have such amazing people as my audience and I can't wait to write for you guys again!

And just for the memories I wish you all an AMAZING day/
night/3am!!!!